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Pro-Slavery.

MR. CHARLES MACKAY'S VISIT TO A RICE PLANTATION.

From The London Illustrated News, June 19.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

As mentioned in my last, I visited a rice plantation, *not so much with the view of satisfying myself that the slave-owners of America are kind to their negroes as to satisfy the public opinion of Charleston that English travellers are not prejudiced against Southern proprietors, and that they are willing to be convinced, by ocular demonstration, that humanity and generosity towards the negro race may exist in the bosoms and sway the actions of men who hold property in their fellows. So much exaggeration has entered into the descriptions of negro life in the South, which have been given to the world by writers who have earned for themselves the title of "malignant philanthropists," that the slave-owners actually think they have done something in the vindication of slavery when they have proved, as they easily can, that they do not scourge, disfigure, maim, starve, or kill their negroes, and that, on the contrary, they feed them well, clothe them well, provide them with good medical attendance for the ills of the flesh, and spiritual consolations for the doubts and distresses of the soul.* Having proved this, they are satisfied, and will take no broader or higher ground on which to debate the question. On my first arrival at New Orleans I lingered for a few moments at the open door of a slave depôt, without daring to go in, lest I should be suspected of espionage, or mere curiosity, and expelled. But seeing among the company an eminent merchant of New York whose friendship I had been fortunate enough to make, and whom I knew to be no slave-dealer or supporter of slavery, I walked in and joined his party, drawn thither like myself by curiosity. On one side of the room the male slaves, with clean linen, and shining new hats and boots, were arranged; and on the other the females were disposed in their best attire, most of them exceedingly neat, but some bedizened with ribbons, of colors more flaring and tawdry than elegant or appropriate. I was immediately beset with entreaties to purchase.

"Buy me," said a young negress, who spoke French and no English; "I am a good cook, and a good needlewoman. Buy me."

"Buy me," said another, in the same language; "I am accustomed to children, and can make myself useful in the nursery."

I felt a sensation something similar to that of the first qualm of seasickness to be so addressed by my fellow-creatures—a feeling of nausea, as if I were about to be ill. I told the poor women that I was a stranger, who had not come to buy. But they were incredulous; and, when at last convinced, they returned to their seats with a sigh and an expression of deep disappointment on their dark and good-humored features. I entertained such a hatred of slavery that, had it been in my power to abolish it in one instant off the face of the earth by the mere expression of my will, at that instant slavery would have ceased to exist.

I then walked to the male side of the slave mart, where I was beset by similar entreaties, urged in every variety of tone and manner, and by almost every variety of laborer and handicraftsman. Some were accustomed to the cotton, and some to the sugar, plantation; some were carpenters, some gardeners, some coachmen, some barbers, some waiters; but all were equally anxious to be sold. One man—who to my inexperienced eyes seemed as white as myself, and whom I at once put down in my own mind as an Irishman, of the purest quality of the County of Cork—got up from his seat as I passed, and asked me to buy him: "I am a good gardener, your honor," said he, with an unmistakable brogue. "I am also a bit of a carpenter, and can look after the horses, and do any sort of odd job about the house."

"But you are joking," said I, "you are an Irishman?"

"My father was an Irishman," he said.

At this moment the slave-dealer and owner of the depôt came up.

"Is there not a mistake here?" I inquired. "This is a white man!"

"His mother was a nigger," he replied. "We have sometimes much whiter men for sale than he is. Look at his hair and lips. There is no mistake about him."

Again the sickness came over me, and I longed to get into the open air to breathe a purer atmosphere. "I would like to buy that man and set him free," I said to one of our party. "You would do him no good," was the reply. "A manumitted slave has seldom any self-reliance or energy. Slavery so degrades and cripples the moral faculties of the negro that they require the crutch, even in freedom, and cannot walk alone. They find it impossible to compete with the free whites, and, if left to themselves, sink into the lowest and most miserably-paid occupations."

"You are an Englishman and a traveller," said the slave-dealer, "and I should be much obliged to you if you would put any questions to the negroes." "What questions?" said I. "Shall I ask them whether they prefer freedom or slavery?" "I don't mean that," he replied. "Ask them whether I do not treat them well; whether I am not kind to them; whether they do not have plenty to eat and drink while they are with me?" I told him that I had no doubt of the fact; that they looked clean, comfortable and well-fed; but—— And in that "but" lay the whole case, though the worthy dealer of New Orleans was totally incapable of comprehending it. The same feeling seems to exist all through the slave States; but more of this hereafter.

As already mentioned in some of my letters, I had received many invitations while in the South to visit plantations of cotton, sugar and rice, that I might see the slaves in their homes and watch them at their labors in the field or the swamp, and judge for myself whether they were well or ill-treated, and whether their owners were men of the patriarchal type, like Abraham of old, or of the type of Blunderbore in the child's story—ogres of cruelty and oppression. I was unable to accept any of those invitations until my arrival in Charleston, when I gladly availed myself of the opportunity afforded me by the courteous hospitality of General Gadsden to visit his rice plantation at Pimlico. The General is known both to Europe and America as the negotiator of the famous Gadsden treaty with Mexico, by means of which a portion of the large province of Sonora was annexed to the already overgrown dominion of Brother Jonathan. His estate of Pimlico is situated about twenty-seven miles from Charleston. The General owns on this property between two and three hundred slaves, but only resides upon it for a small portion of the year, having possessions in Florida and other parts of the Union; and being compelled, like all other men of European blood, to avoid in the warm weather the marshy regions favorable to rice cultivation.

From Charleston the railway for twenty miles runs as straight as an arrow's flight through a forest of primeval pine. These melancholy trees form the most conspicuous feature of the landscape in the two Carolinas, and in Georgia. Often for whole days, and for hundreds of miles, the traveller sees no other vegetation but this rank, monotonous, forest growth. Here and there a clearing, here and there a swamp, here and there a village dignified with the title of a town or of a city, and one unvarying level of rich but uncultivated land; such is the general characteristic of the "Sunny South" as the traveller leaves the seaboard and penetrates inwards to the great valley of the Mississippi. In less than an hour and a half our train stopped at a station at which there was neither clerk, nor check-taker, nor porter, nor official of any kind. Having descended, luggage in hand, we saw our train dart away into the long-receding vista of the forest, and awaited in solitude the vehicle which had been ordered from Pimlico to convey us to the plantation. We being before, or the negro driver after, the appointed time, we had to remain about a quarter of an hour at the station and amuse ourselves as best we might. Though the station itself was deserted, a small log-hut and inclosure, almost immediately opposite, swarmed with life. A whole troop of ragged children, with fair hair and blue eyes, played about the clearing; a donkey browsed upon the scanty undergrowth; cocks crowed upon the fence; hens cackled in the yard; and lean pigs prowled about in every direction, seeking what they might devour. The loneliness of the place, with the deep thick pine woods all around it, and the shiny lines of rail stretching as far as the vision could penetrate in one unbroken parallel into the wilderness, suggested the inquiry as to who and what were the inhabitants of the log-hut? "The pest of the neighborhood," was the reply. "Here lives a German Jew and his family, who keep a store for the accommodation of the negroes." "And how a pest?" "The negroes require no accommodation. They are supplied by their owners with everything necessary for their health and comfort; but they resort to places like this with property which they steal from their masters, and which the men exchange, at most nefarious profit to the Jew receiver, for whiskey and tobacco, and which the females barter for ribbons and tawdry finery. Wherever there is a large plantation, these German traders—if it be not a desecration of the name of trade to apply it to their business—squat in the neighborhood, build up a wooden shanty, and open a store. If a saddle, or a coat, or a watch, be lost, the planter may be tolerably certain that it has been bartered by his negroes at such a place as this for whiskey or tobacco. The business is so profitable that, although the delinquent may be sometimes detected and imprisoned, he soon contrives to make money enough to remove with his ill-gotten gains to the Far West, where his antecedents are unknown and never after inquired after, and where, perhaps under a new name, he figures as a great merchant in the more legitimate business of a dry-goods store."

A drive of five miles through the forest, in the course of which we had to cross a swamp two feet deep with water, brought us to Pimlico and its mansion, pleasantly embowered among trees of greater beauty and variety than we had passed on our way. Among these the live or evergreen oak, the cypress, the cedar, and the magnolia, were the most conspicuous. The mansion, like most of the houses in the South, where trees are abundant and stone is scarce, was built of wood, and gave but little exterior promise of the comfort and elegance to be found within. Here we fared sumptuously, having our choice of drinks from London porter and Allsopp's India ale, to Hock and Claret, and Catawba and Isabella, of Longworth's choicest growth; and of food of every variety, fish with names unknown in Europe, but of most excellent quality, and game in an abundance with which Europe can scarcely claim an equality. The greatest novelty was the small turtle called the "cooter," similar to but smaller than the "terrapin," so well-known and esteemed in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington. The "cooter" is, it appears, a perquisite of the slaves. They will not themselves eat it, looking upon its flesh with loathing and aversion, but in their leisure moments they seek it in the water-courses and trenches, or borders of the streams, and sell it to their masters. Among other privileges which they are allowed may be here mentioned that of keeping poultry on their own account, the profits of which enable them to buy tobacco and other luxuries for themselves and finery for their wives.

In the morning we sallied over the plantation, under the guidance of the General, and saw the whole art and mystery of rice cultivation. At high water the river which commands his estate is five feet above the level of the rice-ground; so that by means of sluices it is easy to flood the plantation, or any part of it, and just as easy to let off the water as soon as the growing crop has received a sufficient steeping. The rice is submitted to three several floodings before it is fit to be removed. The first, in the early spring, is called "the sprout flow"; the second or intermediate, when the green stalks have acquired a certain strength and height, is called "the long flow"; and the last, "the harvest flow." Between each "flow" the slaves, male and female, are employed in gangs, under the superintendence of the overseer (or "boss," as the negroes always call a master of any kind), in hoeing among the roots. In this occupation we found a hundred and fifty of them in different parts of the estate. They were not asked to rest from their labor on our arrival. They were coarsely but comfortably clad, and wore that cheerful, good-humored, happy expression of countenance which seems to be the *equivalent and the compensation* granted them by paternal Providence *for their loss of freedom.* Measured by mere physical enjoyment and absence of care or thought of the morrow, the slave is, doubtless, *as a general rule, far happier than his master.* His wants are few, he is easily satisfied, and his toil is not excessive.

Rambling along the raised dykes and sluices, the strangers of the party were surprised to see the immense flocks of birds which suddenly rose from the ground or from the low bushes that fringed the stream, and which sometimes settled upon a tree in countless thousands till the branches seemed to bend beneath the weight. They were declared to be blackbirds; but a boy about twelve years of age, the adopted son of the General, who had been out all the morning with his gun making havoc among them, having brought one for our inspection, it was found to be very different from the blackbird of Europe. It wanted the golden bill and the glowing plumage, and had instead of them a white bill and a breast speckled like that of the English thrush. It was too early in the season for the alligators to make their appearance; but they swarm in the river in the months of June and July, and commit sad depredation, not only among the fish, but among the ducks and geese or wild-fowl that frequent the stream. Alligators are said to be quite equal to the Chinese in their partiality for dogs and cats when they can get hold of them. But cats are proverbial for their dislike of water, and dogs are too knowing and clever to treat themselves to the luxury of a bath in any stream where the aligator is found, so that poor Alligator seldom enjoys the dainty that he most loves. But the bark of a dog excites him as much as the sight of a live turtle does a London alderman; and you have but to bring a dog to the brink of a river and make him bark, when the alligators, unless they suspect mischief, will pop their long noses out of the water, and yearn for the delicacy which hard Fate has denied them.

From the rice-grounds our party proceeded to the negro village where the slaves resided. Most of the occupiers were at work in the fields; but we entered some of the tenements, and found nothing to object to on the score of comfort. To each hut was attached a plot of ground for a garden; but none of the gardens were cultivated or gave the slightest promise of a flower. In one there was a luxuriant peach-tree in full bloom,—a perfect blaze of crimson beauty—but as a general rule the negro either has no love of gardens or no time to attend to their cultivation. From all I could gather here and elsewhere, and as the result of my own observation, the former and not the latter reason explains the neglect of this beautiful and innocent means of enjoyment which both climate and circumstances place within the reach of the black population.

In the village there was an hospital, an infirmary for the sick, a chapel, where twice every Sunday Divine service was performed by a missionary allowed to have access to the slaves upon condition of not preaching freedom to them; and a nursery, where the young children, from the earliest age upwards to fourteen, were taken care of during the absence of their parents in the fields. The elder boys and girls were made useful in nursing the infants; and the whole swarm, to the number of nearly seventy, were drawn up by the side of the road, and favored us with several specimens of their vocal powers. The General declared them to be "hominy-eaters" and not workers; and they certainly looked as if hominy agreed with them, for a plumper and more joyous set of children it would have been difficult to assemble together in any country under the sun. Their songs were somewhat more hearty than musical. The entertainment was concluded by the Methodist hymn, "And that will be joyful, joyful," which the vociferous singers contrived unconsciously to turn into a comic song. But this feat, I may as well mention, is not peculiar to little negroes, for some obstreperous free Americans on board of our outward-bound steamer favored their fellow-passengers with a similar exhibition, and even managed to make a comic song of "Old Hundredth."

We were next introduced to "Uncle Tom"—such was the name by which he had been known long before the publication of Mrs. Stowe's novel—a venerable negro who had been fifty years upon the plantation. His exact age was not known, but he was a strong hearty man when brought from the coast of Africa in the year 1808. "Tom" had been sold by some petty African king or chief at the small price of an ounce of tobacco, and had been brought over with upwards of two hundred similar unfortunates by an American slaver. He was still hale and vigorous, and had within a few years married a young wife, belonging to a neighboring planter. He was told by the General that I had come to take him back to Africa; an announcement which seemed to startle and distress him, for he suddenly fell on his knees before me, clasped his hands, and implored me in very imperfect and broken English to let him stay where he was. Every one that he had known in Africa must have long since died; the ways of his own country would be strange to him, and perhaps his own countrymen would put him to death, or sell him again into slavery to some new master. He was much relieved to find that my intentions were neither so large nor so benevolent; though malevolent would perhaps be a better word to express the idea which impressed itself upon his mind in reference to my object in visiting him. The old man was presented with a cigar by one of our party, and with a glass of whiskey by the General's orders, and he courteously drank the health of every one present, both collectively and individually. Drinking to a lady, he expressed the gallant wish that she might grow more beautiful as she grew older; and to the donor of the cigar he uttered his hope that at the Last Day "Gor Amighty might hide him in some place where the Devil not know where to find him."

On this plantation I have no doubt from what I saw that the slaves are kindly treated, and that the *patriarchal relation* in all its best aspects exists between the master and his poor dependents. But I do not wish to depict this one as a sample of all, but confine myself to a simple narrative of what I saw. Slavery has many aspects, and upon some future occasion I may be enabled to lay before your readers some other facts, less patent, which may throw light upon its operation not only upon the fortunes and character of the white men who hold them in bondage, but upon the future destinies of the United States of America. C. M.

CALEB CUSHING FOR THE UNION.

I DO, indeed, sometimes bear men talk of the dissolution of the Union. A set of noisy and half crazy agitators here in the North tell us that the Union ought to be dissolved because, they say, "the Constitution of the United States is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell"; and thereupon the echo of their outcries occasionally returns to us in a declaration from the South that the Union must be dissolved because the fact that so many of these wild theorists of Negrophilism, and Free Love, and Woman's Rights, and Irreligion, and Socialism, and pine table Spiritualism are allowed to go at large in the North.

Such persons, it is true, do exist among us. Denaturalized women, unhappy that they are not men, and denationalized men, unworthy even to be women. They, also, will assemble somewhere to-day, not as Americans, but as libellers and vituperators of Americans—to desecrate some venerable church, or defile some sylvan shade—to say how much they love all black men, and how much they detest all white ones—and in the profaned name of Liberty to proclaim their unappeasable enmity to the Union, to the Constitution, to the Bible, to their country.

Well, be it so. What, are there not Americans enough—in heart as well as in name—to preserve the integrity of the Union in spite of all these ravings of unloosed Bedlam? Aye, ten, twenty, thirty millions of such devoted Americans, devoted to the Union, and who, if need were, could and would, occasion requiring, devour and swallow up this handful of negrophilist Union-haters, as the boiling whirlpool of Niagara overwhelms the slight skiff of some intoxicated Indian. Yes, we are strong enough in the light of our freedom and in the vigor of our country, to tolerate and to pity all such impotent foes of the Union. I say tolerate and to pity them; for, when I witness their ebullitions of wild wrath as they speak of the American Union, I become sure that their souls are writhing with distracted and "troubled thoughts" of the Fallen Spirit. Each one of them, as he gazes at the day-star of the Union, seems with desperate passion to say:

> "O thou, that with surpassing glory crowned,
> Lookst from thy sole dominion like the God
> Of this New World: to thee I call,
> But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
> O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams!"

Is it not so? Is not that a true picture? Well, let them hate and rave! They are, indeed, to us in the North, where they hold their annual convention-orgies, the drunken Helots of the Commonwealth, useful to show forth the ugliness of infidelity and of treason, for the edification and admonition of the ingenuous youth of our Lacedemonian North.

Dissolution of the Union by such influences? I scorn the very idea! It is equally absurd in the mouths of those who threaten it as the means of aggression of the North or South, and of those who threaten it for defence of the South against the contingent aggressions of the North.—*Caleb Cushing's Oration in Tammany Hall, July 5th.*

"BUNCOMBE."

SIR, I have lately seen much of this noble country, and I have learned, as I have seen it more, to love it better; the enterprising, ingenious and indomitable North; the substantial and magnificent Central States, the great balance-wheel of the system; the youthful, rapidly expanding and almost boundless West; the ardent, genial and hospitable South—I have traversed them all. I leave to others, at home or abroad, to villify them in whole or in part. I shall not follow the example. They have all their faults, for they are inhabited not by angels, but by human beings; but it would be well, in the language of President Kirkland, for those "who rebuke their brethren for the faults of men not to display themselves the passions of demons." For myself, I have found in every part of the country generous traits of character, vast and well-understood capacities of progress, and hopeful auguries of good; and, taken in the aggregate, they are the abode of a population as intelligent, as prosperous, as moral, and as religious as any to be found on the surface of the globe. There is one little corner of each which I should like to annihilate; if I could wield a magician's wand I would sink it to the centre. Its name is Buncombe; not the respectable County of that name in North Carolina, against which I have nothing to say, but a pestilent little political electioneering Buncombe in every State and every district, which is the prolific source of most of our troubles. If we could get rid, sir, of Buncombe, and if we could bring back the harmony which reigned on the day which we celebrate and the days which preceded and followed it—when Massachusetts summoned Washington to lead the armies of New England; when Virginia and Carolina sent their supplies of corn and of rice to feed their famished brethren in Boston; when Jefferson and Adams joined hands to draft the great Declaration—if I could live to see that happy day, I would, upon my honor, sir, go to my grave as cheerfully as the tired and contented laborer goes to his nightly rest. I shall, in the course of nature, go to it before long, at any rate, and I wish no other epitaph to be placed upon it than this: "Through evil report and through good report, he loved his whole country."—*Edward Everett's Speech at the Revere House, Boston, July 5th.*

THE STANDARD.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE DAY,

At the Framingham Grove, Mass., July 5, 1858.

Phonographically reported for The Liberator, by Mr. YERRINTON.

RESOLUTIONS.

MR. GARRISON said he had two series of resolutions, which he would like to present to the meeting. He read as follows:

Whereas, at the time of the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, there were not less than half a million of slaves, who were forced to wear the galling yoke of bondage all through the Revolutionary struggle, and to the end of their earthly existence; and whereas from their loins have sprung the four millions of slaves now existing on our soil, who are treated like brute beasts, and judicially declared to have no rights that white men are bound to respect; and whereas the load of guilt entailed upon us through the recreancy of those who led in the Revolution, and who determined the course of events, threatens to whelm this nation in destruction, by its increasing weight; therefore,

1. Resolved, That, instead of glorying in the deeds of our fathers, and burning incense at their shrines, it becomes a solemn duty, on a day like this, to confess their shocking inconsistency, to deplore their wickedly compromising spirit, to blush for their self-evident injustice, to shun the evil example they set, and to leave posterity no cause for loathing our memories, through a still more signal treachery to the cause of impartial freedom on our part.

2. Resolved, That it is time all boasting should cease in regard to Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown; for the struggle of 1776, in spite of "the glittering generalities" contained in the Declaration of Independence, was not in vindication of the rights of human nature, but only for colonial independence, on a selfish basis, in the spirit of complexional caste—as eighty-two years have demonstrated, by myriads of humiliating facts, by the legislative and judicial action of all the States, by the whole course of the national government, by the all-prevailing sentiment of the country even to this hour, respecting the colored population, whether bond or free.

3. Resolved, That the 4th of July, 1776, was a day of transparent hypocrisy, of political dissembling, of utter self-condemnation, on the part of those who affixed their signatures to the Declaration of Independence—many of whom were then holding, and through life continued to hold, multitudes of their fellow-men in a bondage "one hour of which," according to the admission of Thomas Jefferson, "was fraught with more misery than ages of that which they themselves rose in rebellion to oppose"; and, therefore, to deem them worthy of reverence, under such circumstances, is to be partial in judgment, and to inflict a grievous wound upon the cause of justice and righteousness.

4. Resolved, That it is because Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Patrick Henry, and Pinckney, were slaveholders—and because Hancock, and Adams, and Franklin, and Hamilton, and Roger Sherman were willing to strike hands with slaveholders, and to sacrifice principle to expediency, in order that the link which bound them to the mother country might be severed—that the land is now cursed by the sway of the Slave Power, and the cause of freedom is treated with contempt; for had those men been loyal to the "self-evident truths" they enunciated, emancipated their own slaves, and insisted on liberty being proclaimed "throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof," as a matter of self-respect and moral consistency, and to avoid the merited derision and indignant reprobation of a witnessing universe, slavery could not have survived the Revolutionary conflict. Therefore,

5. Resolved, That all attempts to hide their criminality, or to apologize for their conduct, are equally futile and immoral; for they stand condemned out of their own mouths, and fearfully illustrate "how evil and bitter a thing it is to depart from the living God," in compromising the principles of eternal justice, substituting a selfish expediency for the higher law, making the end sanctify the means.

Whereas "the stream cannot rise higher than its source"; and whereas the Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted by a slaveholding and slave-trading people, both in their State sovereignty and by mutual compact; and whereas, determined as they were to hold their slaves in bondage as marketable goods and chattels, and to prosecute the African slave trade under the American flag for at least twenty years after the adoption of the Constitution; and whereas, to quote the language of John Quincy Adams, "the freemen of the North, reduced to the alternative of departing from the vital principle of their liberty, or of forfeiting the Union itself, averted their faces, and with trembling hand subscribed the bond, and thereby made the preservation, propagation and perpetuation of slavery the vital and animating spirit of the national government"—thus "constituting a privileged order of men in the community, more adverse to the rights of all, and more pernicious to the interests of the whole, than any order of nobility ever known"; and whereas, from the hour of its adoption to the present day, the Constitution has been understood, interpreted, accepted and enforced in accordance with this view of its slaveholding compromises, by all parties, all courts, all judges, all legislative assemblies, all the Presidents from Washington to Buchanan, Congress and the Supreme Court, all the Heads of Department, and all the States, singly and collectively—thus placing its real scope and intention beyond all reasonable doubt or denial, in these particulars; therefore,

6. Resolved, That any attempt, however sincere or well meant, to argue or prove that the Constitution of the United States is, and was designed to be, an anti-slavery instrument, and therefore in direct conflict with the slave system, is the veriest special pleading—is verbal quibbling and hair-splitting sophistry—a useless waste of time and an utter perversion of the truth—a convenient subterfuge, behind which to take refuge from the imperative moral duty of non-conformity and secession, and of joining in Liberty's rallying cry of "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

7. Resolved, That as it was a sin and a shame for the North to comply with the immoral conditions imposed upon her by the South, in the formation of the Constitution, it is no less a sin and a shame for her to remain in that unhallowed Union, on any pretext whatever; and that, come what may, she ought to organize on a free and independent basis, and to withdraw all countenance and support from slavery—thus precipitating its immediate downfall, by making it a geographichal, physical and moral impossibility for the South to maintain her control over her slave population.

8. Resolved, That the flag under which four millions of slaves are kept securely in their chains, beyond all hope of a peaceful deliverance, and which gives immunity to every piratical slave ship that floats upon the deep, through the connivance of the general government, is a flag to be abhorred, disowned and trodden under foot by every true friend of freedom, every advocate of the oppressed, and never with his consent to be again unfurled to the breeze.

These, said Mr. Garrison, I offer on my own account, and as the expression of my individual conviction and feeling.

He said he would not press them upon the meeting for adoption; but he begged leave to read another series, which he could not doubt would meet the general approbation of the assembly, as follows:

Whereas it is notorious throughout the civilized world that the African slave trade is carried on almost exclusively in American built ships, by American speculators, with American capital, under the American flag, by the connivance of the American government—in bold defiance of the law of Congress, declaring that trade to be piracy, and in perfidious disregard of treaties made for its suppression; and

Whereas this continual prostitution of the "stars and stripes" to the most dreadful of all enterprises, justly subjects American vessels engaged in lawful commerce to the suspicion of being African slavers in disguise, and fairly warrants the strictest exercise of the right of visitation, on the part of British cruisers engaged in good faith for the suppression of the foreign slave traffic, in accordance with the laws of nations, in order to ascertain the real character of the vessels thus visited; therefore,

9. Resolved, That the menacing tone used in both houses of Congress, at its late session, towards England, and the threats of war, in case her cruisers continue to exercise the right aforesaid, were not extorted by any regard for the honor of the American flag, or the freedom of the seas, or the protection of commerce; but, primarily, on the part of the South, by a consciousness of guilt in the premises, by a determination to grant complete immunity to every slave ship, as against seizure and condemnation, while taking refuge under our boasted "banner of freedom," and by intense fear and hatred of England for her anti-slavery zeal and fidelity; and, generally, on the part of Northern members, whether Democratic or Republican, by a wish to make "speeches for Buncombe," with a view to making capital for the next Presidential election.

10. Resolved, That we perceive with regret and alarm that the effect of all this bluster and bullying has been to intimidate the British government, and cause it virtually to abandon the aforesaid right of visitation, in order that there may be no rupture between the two countries, and thus to allow the American flag to give protection to whatever vessel unfurls it to the breeze, piratical or otherwise.

11. Resolved, That the tone and attitude of the London *Times*, in regard to the hitherto unquestioned right of visitation, to the slave traffic itself, and to slavery as a cotton-raising system in America, are detestably unscrupulous, thoroughly pro-slavery, in exact accordance with the wishes and designs of the Slave Power, and in sovereign contempt and daring defiance of the moral and religious sentiment of the people of England.

12. Resolved, That the persistent efforts of *The Times* to misrepresent the workings of British West India emancipation—to decry it as a measure of sickly philanthropy, and as disastrous in its results—to give aid and comfort to our Southern slave oligarchy, and throw contempt upon the struggle for the abolition of slavery in the United States—to make the growing of cotton paramount to every consideration of justice, humanity and religion—to reconcile the people of England to an active prosecution of the horrible commerce in the bodies and souls of kidnapped Africans and Coolies, with reference to the manufacturing prosperity of England—indicate total blindness of vision, the deepest depravity, the most flagrant disregard of human rights, and a disposition to aid in the consummation of wholesale villany for the furtherance of a desperate cupidity; and should be met by a united outburst of moral indignation, and the most strenuous counteracting efforts, on the part of the friends of freedom universally.

13. Resolved, That inasmuch as the position of *The Times*, on the subject of slavery and the slave trade, is craftily assumed, by the pro-slavery press in this country, to be a true exponent of the general sentiment of the people of England, we earnestly call upon them to throw off their apparent apathy, renew their strong testimonies against slavery and all its abettors, send across the Atlantic words of encouragement and approval to the advocates of emancipation here, admonish their own government to beware how it sacrifices the claims of bleeding humanity, at the dictation of a brutal slave oligarchy, holding present mastery over the American government, and remonstrate against the fearful complicity of the American Church with the traffickers in human flesh, and in the perpetuation of "the sum of all villanies."

14. Resolved, That we proffer our grateful acknowledgments to those English journals that are faithfully exposing the cruelty and wickedness of American slavery, assuring them that their words of rebuke are not uttered in vain, but help to hasten the day for the overthrow of that hideous system of oppression in this country, which is now the mightiest obstruction to the progress of freedom throughout the world.

15. Resolved, That we gratefully acknowledge our large indebtedness to those friends of humanity in England, and on the continent of Europe, who have aided us so often and so generously, by their contributions to the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, and by the effective testimonies they have forwarded to us, from time to time; and we earnestly entreat them still to make common cause with us, by direct pecuniary aid cast into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and by all other praiseworthy methods, not only for the sake of the enslaved in America, but for the vindication of the rights of human nature, without regard to race or clime.

16. Resolved, That in the projected emancipation of all the Russian serfs, under the powerful auspices of the present Czar (who, by his beneficent and philanthropic tendencies, bids fair to render his administration more truly illustrious than that of any of his predecessors), the slaveholding Democracy of the United States has fresh cause to hide its head, and blush for shame and confusion of face—engaged as it is, unceasingly, and by the most nefarious methods, in extending slavery all over this continent, and riveting the fetters of its multitudinous victims still more securely.

The reading of all these resolutions was listened to with close attention, and constantly greeted with murmurs of assent, or with loud applause.

The President said that no doubt general disappointment would be felt at the absence of THEODORE PARKER. He knew that Mr. Parker had wished and expected to be present—had indeed prepared in writing a speech for the occasion—but the state of his health did not admit of his speaking in the open air. He had, however, sent the following sentiment to the meeting, which would be read by Mr. Yerrinton, one of the Secretaries. It was read, as follows:

Resolved, That this Society tenders its most hearty thanks to Baron Von Humboldt, for the noble humanity which shines the fairest star in the heaven of his science, and for the faithful testimony he, for fifty years, has always borne against the wrongs of the American slave.

The question on adopting the sentiment as that of the meeting was taken, and a loud and unanimous AYE rang through the Grove, and testified to the respect in which the vast assembly held the venerable man, who, in his old age, had rebuked so honestly and faithfully the servility of the press and people of the United States, in regard to the great subject of human slavery.

TRIBUTE TO BARON VON HUMBOLDT.

BY REV. THEODORE PARKER.

In our labors for the slave, the help of other nations has come grateful to us. What words of wisdom have fallen from the pen of De Tocqueville, of Chevalier, of Pouissin! Let us not forget that, in her last revolutionary day, France broke off the fetters of every slave within the borders of the Republic. If the French flag now covers the human freight with which the worst of pirates pollutes the sea, it is by the command of the French tyrant, not the French people.

How much service have the English rendered us! No nation has done so much to secure civil liberty to men as the British. With all their faults, it seems to be the instinct of the British people to hate tyranny, and to take sides with the victim, not the oppressor. The world will not soon forget the noble act of generous justice which set free 800,000 men. No classic nation can tell of such a deed. How often have the words of noble Englishmen sounded across the sea to cheer us in our work! One old man, famous for almost half a century, still lingers in the Senate of Britain, not only a conventional Lord, but a noble man by nature. How valiantly has Lord Brougham contended for the right! Once his words found their way into the school-books of America. Then the boy and girl read the lofty thoughts: "Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right; I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of the laws that sanction such a claim. There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all times—such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of honor, wealth and knowledge; to another, all unutterable woes. Such it is at this day. It is the law written on the heart of man by the finger of his Maker; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject the wild and guilty phantasy that men can hold property in man! In vain you appeal to treaties, to covenants between nations; the covenants of the Almighty, whether the Old or the New, denounce such unholy pretensions!" I wonder if any school-book now extant contains these?

On the continent of Europe, there is now a venerable man of science. He is one of the most thoughtful in the most thinking of nations. He soon touches his nine-and-eightieth birthday. He surpasses the famous ancients in age as in knowledge. Alexander Von Humboldt was born in 1769. His first book was printed more than sixty years ago; his greatest is not yet complete. He devotes not only the days, but the nights to the fifth volume of his Kosmos; the fourth saw the light in this present year. How great are this man's services to science! Since the days of Aristotle, I think no man has done so much to widen the bounds of human knowledge; none has taught so many new truths in so many departments of science. Yet I do not forget Roger Bacon, Galileo, Descartes, or Leibnitz. It is amazing to see how much he has done—for how many sciences. How industrious was he as a traveller! What countries he journeyed through in the two remotest of continents! How he climbed the mountains and studied the currents of the sea! How much has he done to show the prevalence of universal laws, where men only suspected them before! Rich in knowledge of special details in almost all departments of physical science, a discoverer in many of them, he has yet also the vast comprehensiveness of mind that groups these all into a systematic whole, which he names KOSMOS—both Order and Beauty—in one word, THE WORLD.

But it is not of his diligence, and the learning it accumulates in fourscore years of toil, that I wish to speak to-day; it is not of his genius for science—at once so modest and so great; rather do I look at his Humanity. I find this in his earliest writings. It comes out also in the last. He is the Friend of Mankind, always on the side of Progress, of Humanity. He takes the side of the Indian in North and South America against his conqueror. He recognizes the natural right of the African, and proclaims it in his early books and most recent letters. Fifty years ago, he wrote this: "The kingdom of New Spain [there was then no Mexican Republic] has a marked advantage over the United States. The number of slaves, whether Africans or of the mixed race, is almost nothing; an advantage which the European colonists did not begin to appreciate until after the tragic events of the Revolution of St. Domingo: so true is it that the fear of physical evils acts more powerfully than moral considerations of the true interests of society, or the principles of philanthropy and of justice, so often declared in Parliament, in the Constituent Assembly, and in the works of philosophers. In the United States, the number of African slaves is more than a million. They are the sixth part of the entire population. The Southern States, whose political influence has become greater since the acquisition of Louisiana, inconsiderately enlarge the number of slaves whom they introduce from year to year. It does not depend on Congress, nor on the Chief of the Confederacy [Mr. Jefferson]—a magistrate whose name is dear to the true friends of humanity—to oppose this increase, and thereby save mankind from great evils for future generations.—(Essai Politique sur le Royaume de la Nouvelle Espagne, Paris, 1811. Tom. I., p. 221, *et seq.*)

He calls attention to the fact, that of the thousands of Africans imported into Cuba from 1799 to 1803 (the period of his visit), *seven out of the hundred die every year!*

When Cortez made his will, he says in it (Article xxxix), "It is doubtful whether a Christian, in good conscience, can use as slaves the aborigines made captives in war; and as, up to this time, this important point has never been settled, I command my son, Don Martin, and such after him of his descendants as shall possess my Mayoralty and feudal possessions, to obtain all possible information as to the rights which they can lawfully exercise over the captives." A strange scruple it seems in such a man; yet Cortez was no vulgar conqueror, but a great man performing the function of a filibuster. The question was referred to the Pope and the Councils. You may guess at the decision! "Let us confess," says Mr. Humboldt, "that three centuries later, notwithstanding the light shed by a more advanced civilization, the rich proprietors in America have not, even at death, so scrupulous a conscience! In our days, it is philosophers, and not devotees, who raise the question—Is it right to hold slaves? But the broader range, which philosophy has always had, makes me believe it would have been better for suffering humanity if this sort of scepticism had been preserved among the believers!" (Tom. II., p. 45.) With delight he mentions the Spanish laws which are friendly to the slaves, favoring their emancipation, and opening a door for each man to liberate himself; and adds, "Barbarism is the same in all ages, whenever men give free course to their passions, and when governments tolerate a state of things which is contrary to the laws of nature, and consequently to the welfare of society." (II. p. 47.)

He looks with a sorrowful eye on the rich plantations of Cuba. "Howsoever rich and fertile the country may be—the Valley of Grieves, for example—at the S. E. of Havana, one of the most delightful situations in the New World, there you see plains carefully planted with sugar cane and coffee; yet these plains are *watered with the sweat of the African slave! Rural life loses its charms when it is inseparable from the misery of our race!*" (III. p. 7).

Here is a story I have never seen in English. It does honor alike to the subject and the narrator. The Catholic missionary of San Fernando had led out his Indians to the banks of the Guviare river, on a hostile expedition, which was, properly, only a man hunt in violation of the laws of religion, and of the Spanish government. On this unchristian expedition, in an Indian hut, they found a mother with three children—two of the three of tender age. She was busy preparing the Manioc meal, her husband was absent fishing, and she could not withstand the man-hunters and Christian oppressors who forced their way in. The mother sought to escape with her children, but had hardly reached the open plain when she was seized by the man-hunters of the mission, with her children, bound and conducted to the shore. The missionary was sitting in his boat, waiting for the results of the chase whose perils he had not shared. If the mother

Certainly, this great philosopher is not one of those who are continually crying "Lord, Lord!" but when did he fail to do the duty of a man?

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I listened to the resolutions which have been read with a great deal of interest. I assent to them heartily. At the same time, in regard to one portion of the series, I am not very confident in respect to the necessity of their passage. I refer to those which relate to the tone of the discussion in regard to British aggression—in regard to the right of our navy, and our mercantile marine, as against British cruisers. I agree, as an American, with the doctrine on the right of search, as laid down by Mr. Cass. I think he has not claimed too much, and that the British government, in allowing that claim, did not allow too much. I believe both governments are wholly lacking in any sincere desire to arrest the African slave trade, and both of them only play with the subject of the right of search as a party question—as a mere football of national honor, with no real interest or design so to interpret it as to hinder the slave trade. I do not believe that, substantially, there is any difference of opinion between the two governments about this matter.

I think that, within the last two years, a great change has come over the politics of our States. We are, in one sense, "running for luck." Kansas has inaugurated a new system of politics. There is, practically, no such thing as constitutional law. Everything is right that any party can make right, and every party triumphs that has the ingenuity to cheat itself into a triumph (laughter). I think that the era of cheating has come. I believe the next Presidential election will be decided by cheating, not by votes. If I thought that it would be decided by a fair majority, I should have no doubt that the North would put its President into the chair. The last trial shows it. But Southern men have learned a new lesson within the last few years. They have learned in Kansas that they can stuff ballot-boxes, and create voters that do not exist, count votes that were never thrown, and carry elections by schedules sworn to by perjured officers, and with no real men beneath them. Do you think a government like ours learns that lesson and does not mean to practise it? No! Whenever a State is wanted, it will be cheated into the Democratic party, and the next President will be a President of cheats, and not a President of the American States.

I think it is important to recollect this. I do not believe we are to have any help from the English government. It is, practically, a pro-slavery government. Their mercantile interest is for peace. They do not mean to hazard anything for the sake of the slave.

Another thing. We have settled it that that is law which the people are willing to submit to. Listen to the recent discussions in Congress; there is no appeal but to the acquiescence of the country. Nobody goes back to the Constitution. We have reached a new era. What I ask of the Abolitionists is to avail themselves of that position. You that are in politics, you that live under law, take with you into your politics the principle upon which the South governs. I am averse to politics, in the chains of a constitutional conscience, while the South is armed and equipped with no scruples to do anything she lists and wants. I believe, therefore, in the duty of Massachusetts, and every other Northern State, to make its own constitutional law; and that is the reason why I want Massachusetts at home to lay down the principle that the moment a slave touches her soil, she has made a law for herself that that simple *arrival* under the free trees of Massachusetts is a charter of liberty and emancipation (loud cheers). This is one part of my programme. You know we have got a petition for it. I do not propose to sign that petition; I do not ask or expect any non-voter, who has refused to vote under the Constitution, because it contains a slave clause, to sign that petition. I will not ask another man to do what I will not do myself. But we are surrounded by a set of politicians, who, when we ask them how they can remain connected with this government, say, with Gerrit Smith, that there is no slave clause in the Constitution, or, like John Pierpont, if there is a slave clause there, it is worth nothing; it is not binding; it is a clause binding us to sin, and therefore null and void. I say, therefore, to the Liberty party man, who follows Gerrit Smith, and thinks there is no slave clause in the Constitution, or who follows John Pierpont, and says if it is there, it is null and void, "If you believe what you say, prove it by going up to Boston next winter, and passing a law that, as there is no clause binding Massachusetts to return slaves, Massachusetts hereby announces by statute that she has a cell in the State Prison ready for the Judge or Commissioner—no matter what commission James Buchanan has given him—who presumes to return a man from the soil of Massachusetts on the ground that he is a slave" (loud and prolonged applause). If *Free-Soil* means anything, it means this. The man who comes into our meetings, and when we charge him with being connected with a pro-slavery and slave-returning government, flings it back into our teeth, and says he is not—that Charles Sumner does not believe in it, that N. P. Banks repudiates it, that this, that, and the other celebrity [illegible] that party, Stereotype your individual protests into statutes; and if Massachusetts politics does not believe in returning slaves, say so by the voice of the State, and pledge the government to the protection of every man who once sets foot within her limits. If you will do that—once let an old, conservative, weighty, original State like Massachusetts fling herself out of the Constitution by this construction, and you have set up a barrier against the Slave Power, by your construction of the Constitution, such as no other act could do.

I am in earnest. I do not believe in the United States government. I believe the Slave Power has got it and will keep it. If she cannot keep it by fair means, she will keep it by foul. There is but one way by which we shall ever get control of this Union. It is not by the ballot-box; it is either by blood, or it is by such checkmate of the Slave Power as shall show her a North resolved to submit no longer.

This is home policy. I insist upon it. I will call every Free-Soiler a liar and a hypocrite who refuses to sign that petition, or, in yonder State House, refuses to vote for such a law. No man can stand under the United States Constitution without being a kidnapper who is not willing to vote for that law. If you, Lysander Spooner followers, believe in no slave clause, vote for that law! If you, John Pierpont men, believe that the clause is there, but not binding, show your faith by your works! We want no paper discussion. Give me a Massachusetts that is able to elect a fugitive slave for Governor; we could not have a better. Flare him in the face of the Union, and defy the government. I would like to put the very man who preceded me on this platform [WM. WELLS BROWN] into the Governor's chair of Massachusetts (applause). When you come to principles, when you come to being understood, these are the kind of acts that are needed. When the House of Commons turned John Wilkes out of their own body, really because he was a radical, but under the pretence that he was illegally elected, the voters said, "We will send him back until doomsday; because, if you prove him an infidel, if you prove him dissolute, if you prove him rapacious, if you prove him dishonest, if you prove him fit for the penitentiary, no matter! We have a right to elect him as our representative, and it is not for you to say that we shall not." So I would say to the Union, if I believed what these Liberty party men profess, what care the slaveholders for a hint, now and then, from Charles Sumner on the floor of the Senate, that there is no slave clause? What care they for a speech from Gerrit Smith, demonstrating that there is no such clause? What they cannot swallow is the port of Boston open to every fugitive slave that can conceal himself on board ship.

Then, again, if you Free-Soilers believe slavery to be the sin you say it is, go to Washington prepared to refuse a dollar to the government. I know you will say I am tedious from insisting upon these two points, so often and so much. I believe in concentration. I believe Kansas is gone—a slave State. I believe Douglas is rotten; you will see him a Democrat within two years. I do not believe in any political resistance to slavery except that which the common people, the rank and file, bully into their representatives (applause). I do not believe in any competent resistance to slavery except State resistance. I know what men do at Washington—do honestly, do bravely there—they can do nothing efficiently there. You men whom I am addressing to-day, and thousands who are met in other towns to-day like us, you are the men who can abolish slavery in South Carolina, and not our Senators and Representatives in Congress assembled. It is your position, it is the action which we demand of your Representatives, that is to do the work. We have labored years enough—been at boys' play years enough. I addressed an audience of five hundred men last Fast Day at Leominster. Some two or three of us made Disunion speeches. With the exception of some score of men, they asserted their right to vote: they did not believe in the slave clauses. I said to them, as I say to you, "I have not much quarrel with the way in which men interpret the Constitution, provided always they will show works equivalent to their theories. If you will go up to the ballot-box in November, and send men to Boston who will make it the law of Massachusetts that no slave shall ever be sent back, and imprison every Massachusetts Judge who endeavors to check that law, and send to the State Prison every United States Judge who opposes it, do you suppose we should have a Union five years hence? Never! One thing at a time. Block this government with the State of Massachusetts! (Applause.) Take possession of her Supreme Bench, remove it, if necessary, in order to reach the will of the people on this question, if you are Abolitionists. There is nothing more vital than this slave question; there is nothing more important in the future than the slave question. Already this government is a government of cheats and ruffians. Who can say that 1860 may not show us Massachusetts the victim of a government *professedly* fixed on the Union by the cheats of the dominant party, and the government in possession of power? In such a state of things—for I am talking to Abolitionists—the first duty is to save the State; save it from all complicity and compromise. I know CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS is a good man. They say he is to be sent to the House. I hope so; for we shall then have one man there, at least, and it is doubtful whether we have had any in the Massachusetts delegation. We have lived only by our delegation in the Senate. We have sent little or nothing of timber worth naming to the House. But to send Adams there would be to send a man, and one who showed his appreciation of the Anti-Slavery question before it became a political hobby. Still, he is not the man to send there, after all. He is the idolater of the United States Constitution; he believes in the slave clauses; he believes in the return of fugitive slaves. Massachusetts is too ripe for that—Massachusetts is a State of fanatics, thank God! (Applause.) She ought to be represented by fanatics (renewed applause); if not in Congress, then at least at home—at home, in her own Legislature, where she can make the soil sacred, and where, when she has once announced that purpose, she will give her Congressional delegates the courage and the motive to stop the very wheels of government by refusing to hold up the moneyed hands of the nation every time they have the power.

I know I am not making a Fourth of July speech, but I am making a speech that becomes an Abolitionist. It is over a quarter of a century since this movement was started. In every possible issue, the government has beaten us. Why? Not because the people were not ready for bolder measures, but because the men who undertook to lead them were saving their reputations for something of ambition beyond the State. Why is not Margaret Garner a citizen of Ohio to-day, instead of being beneath the waters of the Mississippi or Ohio? Because all the time she lay in a Cincinnati prison, it was an undecided question whether Fremont or Salmon P. Chase should be the candidate of the Free Soil party for the Presidency. If the Governor of Ohio had had no *hope* of a Presidential nomination, he would have been ready then, he would be ready to-day, to fling the State of Ohio in the face of the Union, and make himself a greater man than the President—that is, the equal and defier of the President of the United States. But no man too tall for a State office was ever named for the Presidency that he was not ruined. I will give you a receipt to destroy the most prominent and promising statesmanship. Get some out-of-the-way newspaper to print the man's name as a possible candidate for the Presidency, and, after that, he has neither heart nor brains (laughter and applause). He cannot calculate his own chances, and he has no courage to do anything, to say anything, for fear of injuring them. It is this delusive ambition of the leaders that destroys all the efficiency of the political anti-slavery sentiment of the country. It never can be beaten out of national parties. That is the reason why we should rely on State action so largely. That is the reason why a Judiciary, and a statute-book, and a State Executive determined to protect every fugitive, against the Constitution, are the very corner-stone of success. I will believe in politics the moment politics will show me a State redeemed from the United States Constitution, and devoted as the refuge of fugitive slaves. I came here to-day solely for the purpose of demanding of every politician that he take that petition of ours, and get the name of every voter upon it, and that he sees to it that no representative goes from his town who is not pledged to make Massachusetts a shelter for slaves. That is the work of this year. I cannot allow any other State to clutch it. Bunker Hill, Lexington and Concord must live with us in this Revolution. We must be the pioneer State. I want to place a monument at the base of the Bunker Hill granite. It shall be the figure of the first fugitive slave who lands in Massachusetts, and puts on record in the Supreme Court that he is a freeman here by the decision of the Chief-Justice, and defies Carolina to come and take him (applause). We will educate him at the expense of the State; he shall be its guest; and when he has reached a fit age, we will make him Governor for one year, and then, if the Senate of the United States exists, we will replace Charles Sumner's vacant seat with him (applause). Up to that time, I go for keeping Charles Sumner in it (loud applause). Well or ill, Massachusetts should record her distinct refusal to have anybody else in the Senate. Shame on the State if she ever fills that chair while even the shadow of Sumner, from Europe, can reach it, as he walks from capital to capital! (Great cheering.) Never fill it till God takes him to himself; and when that day comes, fill it—the only worthy successor—with a South Carolina fugitive slave, from Brooks's plantation, if possible, received into Massachusetts, and passed through the Governor's chair, as the discipline to fit him for the Senatorship of the State (loud applause). And, in order to that, we will have a law, and, in order to that, a bench, that shall declare that Massachusetts knows no slave clause, that Massachusetts knows no slave, that she knows only men, and has no tribunal to try whether a man is a man. Record it! Avow it! Make it the glory of the State, in this age of cheating, trickery, political corruption, and party degradation!

Let one State rise to the level of absolute justice, and borrow its law from natural right. There is no trusting an Administration at Washington, nor the government of England, nor of any foreign State. England has already, in the House of Commons, distinctly avowed that if Spain continues in her present state of mind, she shall not oppose the United States in the acquisition of Cuba. John Bull "caves in." He submits. Ashamed to avow it or not, South Carolina has conquered him. He backs out of the Gulf; he pulls down his banner before the stars and stripes; he gives up the fame of Wilberforce and Clarkson, the proud fame of the first nation to set the stigma of piracy on slavery itself. He gives up to the young bully of the West. If any checkmate is given, it is to come from the Democracy of the North—I mean the true Democracy, the people. It is a serious hour: Kansas conquered on the one hand, the government of St. James's conquered on the other. The Administration at Washington walks the sea to-day a conqueror, and puts the fame of fifty anti-slavery years under its feet. If it is to be conquered, it must be by the virtue of the North, rescuing its own soil from the degradation of a slave-hunt.

I end as I began: there is no faith in politics, national or not national, and there is no faith in the anti-slavery of politics, that contents itself with arguments and protests. We want action! Hereafter, I shall call every American voter a kidnapper. If he replies that he does not believe in the slave clause, I shall ask him, "Did you sign the petition?" If he says "Yes," I shall still say, "Kidnapper!" and ask him if he voted for a representative who voted for the bill. If he did, then I take back the epithet; but if he did not, if his representative skulked or opposed the action of Massachusetts in this matter, he is a kidnapper; a communion kidnapper if he is a minister, a religious kidnapper if he is a church-member, a worldly kidnapper if he is outside the Church, but a *kidnapper;* and if he pretends to be an Abolitionist, he is a hypocrite! (Loud applause.) Until he has placed on record his vote for the petition, until he has recorded his vote at the ballot-box for men who will take Massachusetts out of the category of slave-hunting States, he is a kidnapper. If he sits in the Senate of the United States, and does not endorse that action, he is a kidnapper; if he goes to the House of Representatives, and does not endorse that action, he is a kidnapper. If he has the brains of Henry Ward Beecher and the heart of Harriet Stowe, he is a kidnapper until he justifies his political existence by doing his utmost to make Massachusetts a shelter for the fugitive. He is a kidnapper, judged by his *acts*, not his words. He has no right to find fault.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER—Will Mr. Phillips allow me to ask him a question before he sits down?

Mr. PHILLIPS—Certainly.

Mr. FOSTER—My question is this: If the Republican party of this Commonwealth should take the position pointed out by Mr. Phillips, namely, make Massachusetts a shelter for every fugitive slave, would he then be satisfied to recognize it as a genuine anti-slavery political party, worthy the confidence and support of earnest Abolitionists, who believe in the necessity of a government of force?

Mr. PHILLIPS—No, I do not know that I should.

Mr. FOSTER—What would you ask?

Mr. PHILLIPS—Suppose you should see a man who was a candidate for church-membership, and he should prove to you conclusively that he never stole any of his neighbor's chickens; you would say that he was an honest man, so far; but you would not say he had proved he was a Christian; because many a man is better than a thief, and yet considerably worse than a Christian (laughter and applause). So I should say of the Republican party, when it justifies its theory of the Constitution, and makes Massachusetts no longer slave-hunting ground. I should say that so far it was an honest party; but I would not say, until it had done a great deal of other good work, that it was an *entirely* honest party—and I will tell you why. When we go into a meeting of five hundred voters, we meet with three classes of men. One class are Garrisonian Abolitionists. They say the Constitution is a pro-slavery instrument, which orders the return of fugitive slaves; we cannot touch it. So far, good. They act outside of the Constitution, and, by word and life, advocate anti-slavery. Then we meet a second class; men who say, "We cannot give up our political position; we do not believe there is any slave clause; if there is, it can be construed away; we know certain legal rules that get rid of the whole of it; it is not there; you think it is, but it is not." Then we meet a third class, by whom this position is avowed. They say, "We acknowledge, with you, that the clause is there, but it is a wicked clause; no man is bound to obey it; swearing to obey it does not bind you to obey it; it is just as much null and void as if it were not written there." Very well. Now, I say to these two classes of men, I do not know whether to believe in your honesty or not; that is a very good excuse to get away from my argument. If you are honest, then you will be willing to pass a law in Massachusetts to send such a judge as Edward Greeley Loring to the State Prison; for, according to you, he has committed the most heinous crime in the world, without any authority for it; and if he has, why don't you put him in the State Prison? And the men of whom I speak, when we ask them that question, put on their hats and walk out of the meeting, and that is the last we ever hear of them. But when you go up to the State House in winter, and ask the Representatives which these men have elected what they think, they tell you—very many of them—that they believe in the slave clauses of the Constitution.

Now, I say that the man who goes to an anti-slavery meeting and stops a speaker, as we are stopped, with the allegation that he does not believe in returning fugitive slaves, and then goes and votes for a man that does, and by his representative refuses to pass such a law as we ask for, is a hypocrite and a kidnapper, for he does not believe what he says. I want that position for two reasons. First, I want it to test the sincerity of Massachusetts politics; and, secondly, I want it because the rank and file in Massachusetts are ready for that law, if their leaders would only let them have it (applause). I believe that if the question were to be put to vote to-day in Massachusetts, we should have a majority of men who would be willing that just such a law as that should be passed, and a bench of judges provided that would carry it into execution.

One moment, now, in regard to my friend Mr. Foster. Having done that, the Republican party would be, so far, an honest party; but I want them to do a great deal more. I want them to go to Washington, and never vote one single dollar to the government. I want them to declare, when they take the oath, "I come from a State that does not believe in slave clauses, neither do I"; and if there is an United States Judge or Marshal who has ever in his life helped return a fugitive slave, and pocketed a dollar for it, I want to impeach him, instead of paying him. I want them to say to the United States government, "You shall not have a soldier or a dollar until you pass a statute abolishing slavery in Carolina." Large numbers of the Republican party tell us, as Theodore Parker did the other day in Boston, that they believe that Congress has a right to abolish slavery in the States; but when did any one of them make a proposition for Congress to pass such a law? When did the Republicans ever ask the House of Representatives whether they agreed to the existence of such a power? I will believe the Republican party an honest party when it acts up to its light; when it does at Washington what it talks about at home. If I could only hear such anti-slavery at Washington as I do in district school-houses here in Massachusetts! I had a friend once—he did not pronounce very well—who meant to say he made the tour of Middlesex county, and was shut out of every church there; but, not pronouncing very well, he said he made the *tower* of Middlesex county, and was *shot* out of every church (laughter). I think, if we could have such anti-slavery sent to Congress as we hear for good Republicanism here at home, Hammond and his associates would be *shot* right out of the Senate chamber; they would shoot themselves out. If you would only let Massachusetts talk by her Representatives as she talks by her voters, they would believe she is a State full of isms. I will call the Republican party an honest party the moment it chooses from among its own members the fanatics. Mark you! I am not saying, in this, that Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson do not speak their minds. What I am saying is that the rank and file of the party, in Abington, in Leominster, in order to justify themselves from us, take a position and avow principles which they know their leading men do not take and do not avow; and they would not themselves choose for their Representatives in Congress and the State House the very representatives of the principles or the position on which the party plumes itself to-day, in its discussion with us. What I want is the right side uppermost; that is, I want the fanatics. I remember, as long ago as when Charles Sumner was first up for the Senate, I met Mr. Farley, of Groton, the witty lawyer of Middlesex. I asked him who he was going to vote for. "Why," said he, "I shall vote for Sumner, but he is not the man to go there, because he is a gentleman. Now," said he, "if I could get some negro, six foot high, who knew only how to *kick*, and send him there, that would be my idea of the argument that Massachusetts should address. They do not need argument, they deserve to be insulted." I do not agree, altogether, with Mr. Farley; he is a fanatic, and you know I am not (laughter); but I agree to his principle, which is that if Massachusetts wants to be felt in Congress, she should send men there who represent the uttermost fanaticism of her home anti-slavery. I will tell you what I mean. At the time that indictment was hanging over the head of Wentworth Higginson, for having broken in the door of the Boston court-house, I would have had Massachusetts send him to Congress as her representative (applause). I would take the man that the United States thinks fit for a jail, and I would say to her, "Your jail is my Senate-House at Washington. The man who has obeyed the Sermon on the Mount so thoroughly that he ought to be in the United States prison is the man to represent the piety of Massachusetts" (loud applause).

Mr. GARRISON—I am at a loss to know what our friend Mr. Phillips meant when he said that, being a non-voter, he could not sign the petition, asking the Legislature of Massachusetts to decree the freedom of every fugitive slave coming into this State. I should like to hear from him somewhat more definitely on this point. For one, I intend to sign the petition, and to get as many signatures to it as I can; and I, also, am a non-voter. It is true, what we cannot do ourselves, we cannot do by another; but I can and do, as an individual, make the decree that I wish the Legislature to make respecting every fugitive slave coming into this State. True, my decree will not avail much; but when the people of this Commonwealth shall add their voices to mine, their decree will be potential. Now, to their shame, they are in covenant with Southern slaveholders not to allow the trembling fugitive to find safety and freedom among them! It is a wicked covenant, and I ask them to obliterate it, and to write in the place of it—"Every fugitive slave shall be free as soon as he touches the soil of Massachusetts!" (Applause.)

But it will probably be objected that to ask Massachusetts to make such a decree, while she stands constitutionally pledged to permit the slave-hunter to seize his victim, is to ask her to be guilty of perfidy, and is tantamount to a dissolution of the Union. Nevertheless, I say, Massachusetts is morally bound to protect every fugitive slave coming within her limits; and if the Legislature shall avow to the world that she cannot do this, because of her constitutional stipulation to do just the reverse of it, that is just the confession I desire to be made "before all Israel and the sun," to convict her, out of her own mouth, of being a kidnapping State, and willing to continue such, for the sake of remaining in a slaveholding Union. If she tells me she can pass the decree for which we petition, and go out of the Union, then I say to her, "Pass it, and let the Union slide!" People of Massachusetts, before God it is your duty to "hide the outcast, and bewray not him that wandereth." See that you do it, whether the Union stands or falls! (Applause).

One word in regard to the British government and the foreign slave trade. I do not think I have any higher opinion of the government of Great Britain, *per se*, than my friend Mr. Phillips. I no more expect to find disinterested philanthropy in any existing government on the face of the earth than I expect to "extract sunbeams from cucumbers" (laughter). All these governments are selfish, and, of course, have no abiding virtue in them; and yet I should be unwilling to say that, relatively and comparatively, there is no difference between the British Government and our own, in regard to an earnest purpose to abolish the foreign slave trade. Our Government is but the echo of the Slave Power; and therefore it does nothing to suppress, but covertly much to facilitate, that accursed traffic. The British Government is the echo of British sentiment, and that sentiment is anti slavery. Hence, in good faith, that Government expends millions annually, and sacrifices thousands of lives of its officers and seamen, on the coast of Africa, for the suppression of the slave traffic. It responds, and must respond, to the popular sentiment of England on this subject. Surely, there is a wide difference between the two governments in this respect, and they ought not to be represented as equally heartless and hypocritical.

To-day, therefore, we ask the people of England to renew their old testimonies, to awake from their apparent apathy, to buckle on again their armor for a fresh conflict with the traffickers in human flesh. For if, as Mr. Phillips says, England's flag trails in the dust before the bullying of South Carolina, and at the demands of the Slave Power, then let the people of England look after their government! I believe they will; that their flag will be seen once more unfurled to the breeze; and that they will not basely accede to any and every demand this country may make upon them in this matter. England has not feared South Carolina in the matter of seizing her colored seamen, and putting them in prison while her ships are in the port of Charleston. By a law of that State, any vessel, from any part of the world, bringing a colored man into any of its ports, was compelled to deliver him up, to be imprisoned until her departure. England said, "My flag protects British colored subjects throughout the world—imprison them if you dare!" And Carolina, finding that England was in earnest, amended her law, so as to exempt British vessels, having British colored subjects on board, from its operations; while no New England vessel is allowed to bring any free colored man into any of her ports, without suffering the penalty!

There is, then, a wide difference between the people and governments of England and America, as pertaining to slavery and the slave trade; and the object of my resolutions was simply to say a stimulating word to the friends of freedom in the old world; to assure them that we are strengthened by their testimony and their coöperation; and that we desire them to look closely at the action of their government at this crisis, and make it consistent with the just and humane principles they themselves have laid down (applause).

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

OUR GREAT QUESTION.

ITS FIELD—ITS LIMITS—ITS PRESENT ASPECTS—ITS SUPPORTERS AT HOME—ITS FRIENDS ABROAD.

WE have always considered the cause of Freedom as fundamental and universal, confined to no clime, appropriated to no race, the exclusive heritage of no nation. "Our country," as LA HARPE told his pupil, the Russian ALEXANDER, "is the world—our countrymen are all mankind"; and the words seem but a paraphrase of those of the great Founder of our Religion, when he said, "The field is the world." They have been well selected by GARRISON, the great leader of the cause in America, as the guide at once and the stimulus to his labors.

Following in his steps, which, in spite of all slaveholding taunts and their own weakness, the Abolitionists have no choice about, since he goes straight forward in what they know to be the true road, and since they cannot do otherwise without convicting themselves of folly and littleness and forfeiting the name of servants of the cause, they are able to carry forward that cause in its integrity, with the paramount devotion due to it as fundamental, yet not risking its life by sundering the vital connections which make it a part of all things and all things a part of it. They are not like the baser sort of political partisans, and the narrow-souled sectaries, to say about questions which spring up along its track: "Oh, pray don't suppose *that* to have anything to do with us or we with *that; that* is fanatical, foolish, wild, mad, low; *that* is the work of the enemy sowing tares; *that* is the work of dishonest design" ("*sifting in*" is the phrase which will exactly explain our meaning to stranded hypocrisy, fain to use and abuse ignorance).

Without ceasing to refresh our own hearts and strengthen our own minds by studying every old question in its newest applications, which rises for the present as for former generations, with all the charm and benefit of novelty, by the inevitable mental and moral law which rules these things, we know how, as Abolitionists, "rightly to divide the *word* of truth," knowing that the word only is divisible. In our desire to right the greatest human wrong, we welcome and respect reform in every place where it is needed, and welcome agitation, because, like wind and showers, it always is needed, without expending on any incidental question the time or money entrusted for another. Having thus learned to separate in actual enterprise what is indivisible in principle, we can never fall into the short-sighted mistake and wrong of vilifying, discouraging or ignoring any movement, like the recent Reform Convention in Vermont, for example—a consequence growing naturally out of the anti-slavery agitation.

Neither can we ever forbid laborers that follow not with us. We do but combat, neutralize or set aside hostility. We do but expose the self-interest that would use our cause and the weakness or treachery that would betray. We desire never to be found quarrelling, like the nursery children of Miss Ferrier, as to which frightens the imaginary horses the most—the whip of one or the tin trumpet of the other. But we desire ever to be enabled, as heretofore, by good sense and good temper, to obtain all the advantages of debate and discussion—so important to truth, while so fatal to Churches and Parties founded in wrong, that, obliged utterly to forego it themselves, they never fail to misunderstand and to misrepresent it in others.

We learn by this cherished desire and love of truth, and this sacred respect for opinion as a right, to bring no narrow test to what can only be understood by study of its nature and observation of its consequences. We are thus fitted to adopt every course of action that is truly political in being also truly moral; and to abjure understandingly whatever is found to be immoral, as also really impolitic. Our action, embracing in its plan long generations, even after the slave shall be nominally free, and long centuries after the complete fusion of races here in America shall have solved a thousand temporary questions with which ignorance and prejudice can never cope, cannot be determined by the brief exigencies of an American politician's year. Such must ever find our long-sighted, undelaying method too fast in action and too far in scope. We shall not too much argue or quarrel with them. The necessities of the cases are too different, the purposes too widely apart. The same means that will secure a Presidential election will by no means abolish slavery, while the means that alone can abolish slavery will the best secure the Presidential election. We would have only those men work especially for that who are incapable of better work. In the nature of things, there will ever be too few for the unquestionable great work which demands neither false oaths nor mean intrigues, nor prostitution of sanctions, and too many ready for the delusive, impolitic scuffle which carries a man off his own feet into Congress to leave him helpless amid the necessary dilemmas of the situation. This small, demoralising, short-sighted, self-defeating policy should never be dignified with the name of politics. No zeal for our cause, no intensity of compassion for our clients, no promise of success, no pledge of assistance should be suffered to bribe us to sanction immorality in the prosecution of any course of action whatever.

Seizing this moving world as it presents, the Abolitionists are willing to leave to future times as a legacy the not unworthy course by which, during a whole generation, they have been enabled at length to arouse a nation to their great question, till the whole world they live in is also so fairly divided upon the matter of slavery that it ceases to be an American question.

We are rejoiced to find by the latest arrivals that the transatlantic world justifies every word we said last week about the unity of the public mind of Great Britain on the question of her anti-slavery policy. England is no more *The Times* than New England is Mr. Buchanan. Every journal, and every report, and every private letter we have received confirms it, save *The Times* itself and the insignificant *Illustrated News*—that "*Ill.* News" which is the shadow and apologist of the truculent, unscrupulous money-power out of its appropriate sphere. We notice in an especial manner a very able article on American affairs in *The Spectator*, which seems to have lost none of its acuteness or its wisdom. Our foreign correspondence recognizes that the American domestic difficulties of slavery are of the most intimate importance to Europe, since the welfare and peace of the whole world are perilled by the existence anywhere upon the globe of such a public pest and nuisance as slavery.

We bade our foreign friends and correspondents, who would know the real feeling, about the Right of Search, of others than slaveholders (and their Northern allies and their much-enduring Congressional associates, under terror of losing votes at home to the party should they not out-Herod the Democratic Herod, and under bodily fear from plantation associates), to seek other sources of information than the poisoned ones at Washington. We spoke of the deep central feeling among the devoted *Liberators* of the land, of their NATIONAL STANDARD OF ANTI-SLAVERY, and of the feebler echoes of their words, and the hundreds of thousands of hearts that feel a faint impulsion from their lives.

We now commend to the careful reading of our British friends, especially to those in Parliament, the resolutions presented by Mr. Garrison at the great Framingham meeting, and which will be found in our present issue. The occasion was one unparalleled for numbers, interest, respectability, and unity of heart and purpose. This town of Framingham is near the Heart of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and a meeting there convened represents the worth and the opinion that really leads in Massachusetts, as contradistinguished from that rapidly declining city influence, infiltrated from the South, which has heretofore stood, abroad, for the whole country. If Mr. Garrison had asked that immense meeting *en masse* to sustain the first series of resolutions, an expression of opinion respecting the actual position of the nation, we are able, on a thorough knowledge of that whole section of country, to affirm that they would have been promptly accepted. They express the anti-slavery view, feeling, morals, religion; and that sentiment is there fast becoming the popular one. Before ten years are gone, these overflowings of the great anti-slavery heart will have swelled to bursting every political and religious embankment that slavery has cast up.

But the actual voice of these assembled thousands, as expressed by the second series of resolutions which Mr. Garrison offered as the expression of the meeting on the affairs of the moment, is the voice that will call to the strictest account the political tricksters who are fain to pass at home and abroad for the foes of slavery, while at Washington they suffer themselves to be played upon as its instruments; who are, to a certain extent, friends with Abolitionists of the respective anti-slavery districts, whom they volunteer at Washington, under slaveholding pressure, to hang on the same rope with Southern traitors. This it is to *speak for Buncombe*, and we are glad to see that our foreign journals are rating such speeches at their precise value, and such men at their precise weight.

These are the men that sit cheek by jowl, in Congressional committee-rooms, with Murder, and pronounce its eulogy when it dies, and greet with formal or friendly shake of the hand its successors, making the ordinary signs of good-will the tokens of their betrayal of humanity. All this they do, to get votes for the party, under the rebuke of Mr. GIDDINGS, the one wise great man among them. He says, at the close of his recent noble speech in Congress, which we wish might be stereotyped by the American Society for distribution abroad, "Let us meet the machinations of the Slave Power boldly, *candidly*, TRUTHFULLY. Let us consecrate ourselves to this holy work of separating and purifying our government and people from this piracy, this moral contagion, which now poisons all the veins and arteries of this mighty nation, and must, if not soon stayed in its progress, produce political and moral death to the body corporate."

And how do the political organs of the party carry sail? Of course they watch the Washington signals, and "back and fill," and call evil good and good evil, till a strong anti-slavery breath from the people *compels* a decided course. Some of them are sufficiently good to feel the need and the benefit, the real strength and support which come with this breath of rebuke they receive from such fields as that of Framingham, last week; while others, writing for their Southern Buncombe, call Garrison names, and profess to hate *The Liberator* and the pro-slavery journals equally, as fanatical, finding not a pin to choose.

We warn English journalists that such American newspapers are no more to be depended on than such American Senators. Let them listen to the voice of the people, when it finds vent—that voice which the organs they have heretofore heeded are merely smothering and hindering.

ANOTHER MEXICAN WAR IN PROSPECT.

LATE advices from Washington give us only too much reason to believe that the Administration is deliberately engaged in concocting a plan for plunging this country into a new war with Mexico, with a view to another harvest of "glory" and slave territory. The Mexican Government, being hard pressed by the exigencies of revolution, lately imposed a tax of one per cent. upon all personal property in the Republic, that of foreign residents included. The tax, of the legality of which there would seem to be no ground for doubt, the American Minister, on behalf of the American residents, resisted, and it is confidently stated that the President and Cabinet have resolved to sustain him and make the dispute a pretext for war. Mr. Buchanan and his advisers think, no doubt, that a war would divert the public attention from the slavery question, and raise a cloud of patriotic dust thick enough to cover their sins against humanity and freedom. Mr. Buchanan, ever since his inauguration, as we believe, has been seeking a pretext for war with the feeble Government of Mexico. We have not the highest opinion of the veracity of Gen. Walker, the great Filibuster, but the old proverb, "when rogues fall out," &c., may be exemplified afresh in the rupture between him and the crafty author of the Ostend manifesto. There is certainly no inherent improbability in the following statement lately made by Gen. Walker in a speech delivered at Columbus, Miss., while there are many good reasons for believing it to be substantially true. We quote from the Mobile *Mercury*:

"One part of the General's address told with deadly effect on his enemies. He stated and assured his audience that positive evidence was at hand, within his control and reach, *that Mr. Buchanan*, while, for political purposes of his own, charging him with high political crimes, with piracy and outlawry, *was himself the culprit*, and through his Secretary of war sent an ambassador to him saying that if he would forego the Nicaraguan enterprise and engage in the service of Mexico, and, while in that service, do some act, such as tearing down the *flag of Spain*, rendering a war between Spain and Mexico inevitable, *he (Walker) would receive the countenance and support of the Administration.* Gen. Walker said this proposition *was rejected with contempt.*"

There being no longer any hope of a quarrel between Spain and Mexico, the President is now seeking a pretence for plunging the United States into a bloody contest with the latter power.

OUR UP-COUNTRY READING-ROOM.....NO. III.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: We have had fun, I tell you, since I wrote last. You must know we're a singing generation up this way, and some of us are members of a band of music, too, that would do any town credit. Come onto the Boston Common, Independence-day, and may be you'll hear something. We are all such *timists* that whether we *make* all the music or not, we *lead* it; and that you'll find out; but that is not what I started with when I begun. I was going to tell you of the fun we have had, and which we should have missed if we had not been musical.

You must know that about four years ago or so, a stray fellow, from the old country, was up here for six months or thereabouts, and he used to drop into the reading-room now and then; and seeing the bookshelf, he *donated* to us (he used to laugh at us for saying so) a song-book, by one Charles Mackay. We took to it at once. We could understand it without studying out the meaning; and uncle Jem Billings undertook to fit it to old tunes, and patch together parts of old ones that seemed e'en a'most as good as new, so that we soon had it as natural as the Psalm-book.

"There!" he used to say, whenever he deaconed out a fresh one; "talk of your Garrisons and your Giddingses! why, one such song as this will do more to help along the millennium than forty of them!" and off he started—

"There's a good time coming!"

and all of us (but one) agreed that if you really *could* sing yourself into the kingdom, 'twas better than going over boots in blood and difficulty of any kind.

But old Melech Cushman stood out. His real Christian name is Regemmelech, but you'll never hear him called anything but Melech. Well, he declared you could not do any such thing. He said you had got to *feel* right in the first place, and then you'd be ready to lay down a principle to *keep* right and *do* right. As to blood and difficulty, of course you'd have to meet it, and you might keep up your spirits by singing if you could. But you might sing against it till you were black in the face—'twas of no use if you did not say and do against it too.

"Pooh," says Adoniram Pettengill, "didn't the walls of Jericho fall down just by having a trumpet blowed round 'em?" and then we all shouted in chorus,

"There's a good time coming!"

I can't justly say how long after this it was, but a good long spell, that we saw in the papers that Mr. Mackay had come to this country, and was run after everywhere he went. He sung songs and told how they ought to be made, he had them printed in books, and folks said he had a newspaper of his own going on at home. We got so stirred up about him, and heard so many folks say they were going to subscribe for his paper, that we subscribed too, and found, when it came, that we had got our money's worth of pictures, if nothing else. But we did not get much chance to read it, it went the rounds so steady on account of the pictures.

All this while there was a grumbling going on at Washington about the British overhauling our ships. You know what it has been, sir, and I need not go over that ground. 'Twas the British ferreting out pirates, and pirates always hide under the American flag, because slaveholders always grumble if anybody tries to hinder it. A fellow feeling, you know, in birds of a feather. Everybody *but* pirates and slaveholders likes to have Great Britain stand to her guns about it; and Captain Worthington, one of our most respected men, who remembered the war of 1812, always told us that if it hadn't been for Great Britain, the sea would have swarmed with pirates; and there was no end to the help and civility he had received from British Commanders; and all Cape Cod would say the same if

these little scraps, which he lets me cut out of Mackay's paper for you.

MR. CHARLES MACKAY.

From the Boston Transcript, May 20.

This gentleman sailed in the steamer Europa yesterday morning from this city. Quite a crowd of his personal friends assembled to take farewells. He carries with him the best wishes of hosts of admirers, who will be glad to see him again on this side the Atlantic. A parting dinner was given to him on Tuesday evening, at which were present some of the most distinguished literati of the country. Among the sentiments drunk with the heartiest enthusiasm was the health of Alfred Tennyson, proposed by Mr. Longfellow—a most graceful and genial recognition of the genius of the author of "In Memoriam" by the author of "Evangeline." The company on the occasion included Professors Longfellow, Holmes, Agassiz and Lowell; his Excellency N. P. Banks (Governor of Massachusetts); Josiah Quincy, Esq.; Josiah Quincy, Esq., Jr.; and many others well known to fame. Mr. J. G. Whittier and Mr. R. W. Emerson were unavoidably absent. The following poem was read by Professor Holmes (author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table"), addressed to the guest of the evening:

[That poem we could not understand. It didn't somehow taste of the ground.] Uncle Melech read on:

America, we are happy to think, has just returned to us a real friend, in good looks and good health, and with money in his pocket—dollars convertible at once into dragon sovereigns. Charles Mackay has returned to the Strand. Our friend is warm in his acknowledgments of the hearty welcome he received from the land of Columbus and the Pilgrim Fathers. When the Leviathan is at sea (if not before), we shall start across and give Jonathan a hearty shake of the hand (in the flesh—not as now, only in printer's ink) for making much of Mackay. He is, we hear, to repeat in this country his lectures on "Poetry and Song."

"So it seems," says he, "there's a squad more ready to come over upon the strength of it. They must think money grows on the bushes here, and that they have only to say a black crow is a white one, to be made welcome to pick their pockets full."

By this time 'twas time to turn the hay, and we out and did it—e'en a'most ready to go for Garrison; and here's *his* song, which I give you gratis; for uncle Melech, who knows all about him, told us that when *he* went travelling into other countries, he did not plaster over their sins nor ours, but talked, free and true, about both, like one who knew that the good time a-coming must have the way cleared for it *now*.

Here's the song, and they say he lives up to it.

God speed the year of Jubilee,
The wide world o'er!
When, from their galling chains set free,
The oppressed shall vilely bend the knee
And wear the yoke of tyranny,
Like brutes, no more.
THAT YEAR WILL COME, and freedom's reign
To man his plundered rights again
Restore.

God speed the day when human blood
Shall cease to flow!
In every clime be understood
The claims of human brotherhood,
And each return for evil, good—
Not blow for blow.
THAT DAY WILL COME, all feuds to end,
And change into a faithful friend
Each foe.

God speed the hour, the glorious hour,
When none on earth
Shall exercise a lordly power,
Nor in a tyrant's presence cower,
But all to manhood's stature tower,
By equal birth!
That hour will come, to each, to all,
And from his prison-house the thrall
Go forth.

Until that year, day, hour arrive,
With head and heart and hand I'll strive
To break the rod and rend the gyve—
The spoiler of his prey deprive;
So witness, Heaven!
And never from my chosen post,
Whate'er the peril or the cost,
Be driven.

Yours, Mr. Editor, truly, O. K.

LETTER FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

SCHUYLKILL, Chester Co., Pa., 5th July, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE Fourth of July falls on the fifth this year, as our Irish fellow-citizens would probably contend, so that the lovers of their country are more particularly drunk to-day in honor of the memory of "our illustrious *four*-fathers," as the Congressional style runs, than at any recently previous time, though there were premonitory symptoms of an attack of patriotism as early as Saturday evening last.

For myself, I firmly acknowledge that I do not write to you to-day out of any especial regard for the anniversary; I have never yet been able to work myself up into the least enthusiasm in reference to our national carousal. Neither do I feel peculiarly obliged to the men who so managed matters at the foundation of the existing government that the whole life of a man possessing a tolerable degree of self-respect and moral principle is converted into one incessant struggle with the baseness and meanness by which he is surrounded. I am not attached to labor for its own sake, and it seems to me we have small reason for being especially grateful to those whose selfishness and short-sightedness placed, at the very beginning, in the hands of an oligarchy entirely inimical to their own professed principles, a bribery-power sufficient, in one way or another, to swerve from the path of honor all but men of the most undoubted pluck. We cannot hope for a whole community of men and women with heads to analyze all the intricacies of this slavery question, and consciences to resist base influences when discovered; accordingly we find Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne writing a "Life" of the very "little man" with whom, in the words of Emerson,

"The God that made New Hampshire
Taunted the lofty land,"

and therein giving his bid for Southern favor in the form of a fling at the Abolitionists as men who, so far as he knows, "have but half a country," and immediately thereafter entering upon the office of United States Consul at Liverpool, with an income of twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year. There is, doubtless, here and there an Emerson or a Whittier, who would reject the bribe with scorn, but most men will be Hawthornes. And when the sources of our literature, even, are corrupted, what hope is there for us? The only certain remedy for all this is to sever the Union which gives our enemies this fearful power over us, and then even small men may grow into something like manly proportions.

The British will be well-nigh obliterated to-day. The recent honorable efforts of the English naval officers in the Gulf of Mexico will be a god-send to all eloquent persons, especially to those of the Democratic species, though I do not know why I should speak of them so emphatically, for the leading Free Soil Senators at Washington bid fair to outrival the very dirtiest of the Democrats in their endeavors to re-establish the African slave trade, if, indeed, we have ever discontinued it. I wish you could see the literary productions in reference to this affair which have been called forth through the columns of the Pennsylvania county newspapers, Republican and "neutral" as well as filibustering, for the last month or six weeks. Every whippersnapper of an editor in the State has had a hand in the matter, and the allusions to "the war of 1812" are edifying to the student of history.

A recent leader in *The Ledger* is occupied with a contrast between Europe and the United States. If England possesses a richer and more various literature (think of the generosity of the admission), if Germany has produced profounder metaphysicians, if Italy has surpassed us in music, painting and sculpture, we may at least congratulate ourselves upon having outstripped them all in the matter of free government! The coolness of these people must be extremely refreshing to them during the hot months of July and August.

As a specimen of our national skill in blowing hot and cold in the same breath, I may mention that *The North American*, in an article published some time since, and occupying two-thirds of one of its long, dull columns, sets forth, in glowing colors, the horrors of war, its antagonism to Christianity, and the impossibility of the progress of the race under its sway; and then concludes by saying that a war between the United States and any foreign power (it seems to be indifferent which, the appetite of the pacific editor for carnage being apparently of a quite general and promiscuous character) would have an excellent influence upon us as a people, and "renew some of that mutual admiration and esteem which once characterized the various and now almost hostile sections of the country." *The North American* is, as you are doubtless aware, one of the leading Republican newspapers. This is the kind of work which the Free-Soilers have the face to ask Abolitionists to aid in accomplishing. In case of an attack upon Cuba, these men will be foremost among the patriotic.

You have, no doubt, learned through the Pennsylvania newspapers that there is quite a general disposition among the opposition in this State to nominate, as the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1860, Gen. Simon Cameron. Should this step be taken, which does not seem highly improbable, in view of the much more original conceptions in regard to statesmanship which have been carried into effect in the matter of that dignity, it would be one of the deadliest blows that could be dealt to the future prospects of the Buchanan who now holds "the highest office in the world," as the Democratic journals love to say.

Apropos of Buchanan, I don't know whether you have observed it or not, but one of the finest touches of nature I have seen for a long time is to be found near the conclusion of that dignitary's last message to Congress. How ingenuously he confesses that the only thing for which he now sighs is "the respect of his fellow-countrymen." Ah! if one could only be President of the United States and respectable at one and the same time, what a nice thing it would be! Mr. Buchanan now occupies the Presidential chair through bribery (which fact has been duly established by the civil courts), while Rump, one of the miserable tools through whom his "elevation" was effected, lies in Moyamensing prison, paying the penalty of his complicity in the fraud. Mr. Buchanan is like Emerson's *Brahma* in one respect—he, too, can say:

"And one, to me, are shame and fame."

But he is unlike the god in every other particular.

One thing, however, is certain, for our encouragement. The servility of Pennsylvanians is gradually losing that extreme of abjectness which has heretofore marked it. This is not, to be sure, in all cases to be so much attributed to conscience as to personal causes, but in these days we are obliged to be thankful for small favors, and welcome defection let it proceed from what source it may. If those persons who are frequently designated as Southern "gentlemen," by people who are addicted to the use of florid epithets, have sometimes dealt tortiously by our patient friends, the Northern doughfaces, they have, at least, as a sort of compensation therefor, been of incalculable service to the species in telling them a deal of wholesome truth, which our compatriots north of Mason and Dixon's line are not accustomed to hearing from any other quarter, and which, if it were not for our fanatical selves, they would never have the least opportunity of listening to. It is sad to think how little they seem disposed to profit by the uncompromising statements of concrete truth which they may find hebdomadally in THE STANDARD and other anti-slavery newspapers. But it is a lamentable fact that the portraits we draw of them, though singularly accurate, even to the finest traits, are seldom regarded by them with any high degree of satisfaction. They are not appreciative. This seems to me to be a great and radical defect in the American character. But for this, what incomparable progress would they make in the art so greatly coveted by the Scotch poet, of seeing themselves as others see them. In the midst of all the sham of fulsome compliments, a little plain truth, such as that to which the Southerners have recently treated Douglas, is refreshing, possessing, as it does, in so high a degree, the charm of truthfulness and reality.

H. W. G.

SONG.*

Sing a song o' sixpence!

Nursery Rhyme

High sound'st thou, song of the valiant man,
Like clang of bells and organ tone!
Him whose high soul brave thoughts control,
Not gold rewards, but song alone!
Thank Heaven for song and praise, that I *can*
Thus sing the song of the valiant man!

From the German: S. A. ELIOT'S *Translation.*

WITH a mission of mercy to slaveholding sinners,
Brave Mackay came hither for dollars and dinners.
"Malignant Philanthropy" should not prevent
"The good time" from "coming"—so southward he went,
And rushed to the side of the suffering master,
To do his endeavor to bring it on faster.
"Away, British Quixote!"—he chaunteth so brave—
"'Tis nothing but folly to pity the slave!
So clean, fat and tidy as most of them are,
Be sure than their masters they're happier far.
The trade makes you sick while you think it abuse;
I assure you the whole is a matter of use.
You think of your skin when you first come to land—
Of SUMNER, and shudder lest BROOKS be at hand—
Then of KEITT, TOOMBS and WILSON—a brotherly band,
For the sake of the Union so good and so grand.
It is but a moment—it soon wears away,
And then you are happy each moment you stay,
And kindly made welcome to sing or to say
Whatever a travelling Englishman may,
Who wishes his stomach and pockets to cram,
And eke be made welcome by kind Uncle Sam.
But *he* of your utterance must write the *programme;*
So take care not a jot or a tittle to vary!—
'Tis monstrous ill-taken to say a word more;
You wont meet a gentleman all along shore,
Before meals or after, to hint the *contrary.*
Yet there's plenty of talk of 'free spears' and 'gilt fetters,'
And 'honor,' and 'valor,' and 'blood-printed letters,'
British *Jacks* on their knees before *Bar-stangled spanners!*
(Excuse me—I stammer since fright and good-manners
Compelled me to silence mid slavery's hosannas!)
The 'bairs betwixt west and north-west side' are many,
And betwixt *North* and *South* the most trying of any:
Yet here men can split any hair in creation,
If they don't chance to split on the rock Visitation—
Or on questions to color that bear a relation.
They can't, on the sea, tell *blue* water from green:
While on land, the most delicate shadings between
Black and white by the dullest are instantly seen.
To remember all this you must constantly try,
Or else they will tell you that *black is your eye,*
And the *hue of the money* you'll never descry
Of the spirited, noble Young Giant they rear.
He swigs down his slavery, as other lands beer;
So touchy, meanwhile, as to put one in fear.
Why, he's nearly as strong, and *more* bulky than *we* are!
And so *sensitive*, gentlemen! never forget—
He might kick down our altar or throne in a minute!
And I'm free to confess, when he utters the threat,
I don't seem to feel so much sacredness in it.
Why, he must have the blood of the negro to drink;
As well bid an Englishman give up rump-steak,
Or Brandy, or Barclay's entire, as to think
An American's whole occupation to take!
'Tis none of our business!—the ocean is free
(And so is the slave trade) where slavery's flag,
The stripes and the stars, a convenience may be.
So, pirates forever!—and silence your brag!
The Young Giant an ocean-police will not brook,
Nor bide British cruisers in *any* salt water:
Make each pirate a sea-king upon his own hook,
Or reckon upon it, as true as my book,
The young giant will soon make a season of slaughter!
Then down with barbaric ideas of Freedom,
Since peace, with the slave trade, is civilization,
And only a Quixote would harken or heed 'em.
So the Senate at Washington said to the nation—
So the poets and gentlemen said after dinner—
I could not say otherwise, as I'm a sinner!
So I've brought home the fruits of my silence at crime—
My songs for my supper—my lectures on rhyme—
In heads of American Liberty prime!
I can't bear Don Quixote, so sad and so funny:
His image has never been coined into money:
But down to Threadneedle street order the wagon!
I *must* have my pictures of George and the Dragon!
(I long to *get change* for the insults I bore.)
With me and my sheet of '*Ill. News*' to the fore,
He'll ne'er be the champion of Christendom more.
When over the world for subscribers we're drumming,
We must go with the 'TIMES'—*not* 'the good time that's coming!'"

*See *London Illustrated News*—especially the extract therefrom on the first page—and Mackay's and Holmes's poems, passim.

AGITATION IN NEW HAVEN.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 7th, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE following communication graces—perhaps I should say *disgraces*—the columns of *The Morning News* of to-day, viz:

A NATIONAL SERMON.—The Rev. G. W. Woodruff, the newly appointed minister at the St. John street M. E. Church, delivered a sermon on Sabbath evening in commemoration of our nation's independence. A large and appreciative audience were present. The sermon was based upon a passage in Job. "He increaseth the nations and destroyeth them," and was devoted to a statement of what constituted national strength, with a bold and searching review of our own national advantages and crimes. The sermon abounded in classical allusions and beautiful passages, and it is to be hoped that the reverend gentleman will comply with a generally expressed wish for its publication. The subject of slavery was most skilfully and ably presented. There was nothing of Garrisonism, nothing of the wild, agitating fury of a rabid Abolitionist, but a calm, dignified and scorching rebuke to what the preacher called the "monster crime," the "unmitigated fraud of this great Republic." We are heartily glad that New Haven has one more earnest and thoughtful man added to her ministry.

* * *

It is true, the Rev. gentleman did, at the end of the sermon, give slavery a scathing rebuke. It is also true, however, that he kicked ravingly at Garrison, Parker and the "polished" Wendell Phillips. It is also true that he had nothing to say against those miscreant shepherds—too numerous a body to mention—in his dearly beloved Methodist Church North, who do "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." Mr. W. did not suffer from calmness, but went into a perfect frenzy as he thought of the impious (?) teachings of the "infidels" (!). Yet there is reason to be thankful even for such a feeble and unworthy application of God's truth against the sin of slavery. No other Methodist minister here has as yet dared to say as much.

S. H.

PERSONAL.

Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has sold her residence at Dresden, and settled finally down in a villa near London.

Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburgh, Mass., is still fighting tobacco with as much energy and perseverance as ever. He has just issued a tract entitled "The Young Convert and a Cigar," in which he gives twenty strong reasons for dropping tobacco.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Worcester, Mass., is said to have in preparation, for delivery during the next Lyceum season, a lecture on "Physical Training for Americans," in which he will illustrate and enforce the ideas contained in his paper in a late number of the *Atlantic Monthly* on "Saints and their Bodies."

The case of John B. Gough, Temperance lecturer, against Dr. Lees, for libel, was settled by the unqualified withdrawal of the charges on which the suit was instituted. Dr. Lees, in certain private letters, had charged Mr. Gough with drunkenness. The English law of libel permitting Mr. Gough to appear as a witness in his own case, he solemnly denied the truth of Dr. Lees's charge, whereupon the counsel of the latter volunteered a retraction and the case was dismissed. Dr. Lees has since publicly declared that his counsel, in retracting the charge, acted without his knowledge or consent, it being his desire that the case should go to a jury. Is not this tantamount to a reiteration of the alleged libel?

The *Christian Ambassador* (Universalist) says:

"We know not whether all our readers noticed in the proceedings of the Ontario Association of Universalists, inserted in the *Ambassador* of the 26th ult, that Mrs. Lydia A. Jenkins, the celebrated female preacher, received the fellowship of that Association as a preacher of the Gospel. Such was the fact, and her title is now Rev. Lydia A Jenkins. This is the first instance in our denomination, and we think in the world, where a woman has received a formal license or Letter of Fellowship as a minister of Christ. It may strike many as a novel proceeding, as indeed it is. We have not a doubt, however, as to its wisdom or propriety. Mrs. Jenkins is a very talented and acceptable preacher."

The Boston *Transcript* records an act of Senator Sumner, his mother, brother and sister, which reflects the highest honor upon them all.

"It will be remembered by our readers that Mr. Albert Sumner, of Newport, R. I., his wife and child, some time since, were shipwrecked and all undoubtedly perished. By the presumption of law, the wife and child died first, and the husband became entitled to the property. Mrs. S. was a daughter of the late Walter Channing, of this city, and enjoyed the income of a large estate. Under these circumstances, more than $30,000 became legally vested in the late Mr. Sumner, and through him came to his mother and sister and his two brothers—Charles Sumner, our Senator, and George Sumner, Esq. The estate was administered upon by Mr. George Sumner, and, with the consent of all these heirs, the whole of this property, which the deceased had derived from his wife, has been surrendered to her relations. It gives us great pleasure to record an act so honorable to the parties, and prompted by so nice a sense of justice and equity.

The Paris correspondent of *The Tribune*, from a memorandum furnished by Dr. Brown-Sequard, Senator Sumner's physician—a man of great eminence in his profession—makes the following statement:

"Mr. Sumner's brain itself is ascertained to be free of any serious remaining injury, but the effects of the original commotion there are still manifest in an effusion of liquid about the brain and in a slight degree of congestion chiefly if not wholly confined to the membrane around the brain; it was also found that the spine was suffering in two places from the effect of what is called *contre-coup.* Mr. Sumner being seated and inclined over his desk at the time of the assault, the blows on the head took effect by *counter-stroke*, or communicated shock in the spine. It is worth noting here that, after the lapse of more than two years, his sufferings to-day indicate the peculiar nature of the assault; but observe that the spinal chord is sound, the injury being in the spine itself. Dr. Brown-Sequard agrees with Dr. Hayward as to the necessity of an active treatment, doubting very much whether any degree of care or lapse of time, unless the morbid condition of the system be directly acted upon, would not always leave the patient exposed to a relapse. He proceeded, therefore, at once to apply fire to the back of the neck and along the spine. Now, fire is fire, and the quality of it is to burn, as surely as the 'property of rain is to wet.' And here I cannot do better than to quote entire a note I have just received from M. Sequard: 'I think you will like to be able to say that I have told you that I have applied six *moxas* to Senator Sumner's neck and back, and that he has borne these *exceedingly* painful applications with the greatest courage and patience. You know that a moxa is a burning of the skin with inflamed agaric (*amadou*), cotton-wool or some other very combustible substance. I had never seen a man bearing with such a fortitude as Mr. Sumner has shown the extremely violent pain of this kind of burning.' So you see the *morale* is sound. In his memorandum, the doctor speaks cautiously but hopefully of the final result. He says: 'I am in hopes that an active treatment will produce the absorption of the excess of fluid effused about the brain, and diminish the congestion of the membranes of this organ. As regards the condition of the spine, which is quite distinct from that of the head, though due to the same primary cause, and by a sort of *contre-coup*, an active treatment may diminish the degree of pain, if not altogether render the sensibility normal, so as to allow walking and other movements to take place without pain.' * * * The present severe treatment, which Dr. S. is not yet ready to relinquish, may be followed, in the course of the summer, by certain internal remedies and by baths."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A COMPENDIUM OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, chronologically arranged, with Biographical Sketches of the Authors. By CHARLES D. CLEVELAND. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle, No. 108 Minor street.

Our attention was first directed to this book by a critical notice of it which appeared, some five or six weeks since, in the columns of the Philadelphia *Press*. We had not then seen the work, but this notice of it seemed to us bitter and a little malicious. Not that we object to criticism of a new book simply on the ground of its being condemnatory; on the contrary, this, *prima facie* considered, is rather a recommendation. It argues independence and impartiality of judgment, qualities without which a criticism is of no value. Newspaper notices of books, as a general thing, are nothing more than publishers' puffs, or compensatory editorial acknowledgments, intended to square accounts with the author or bookseller for a copy presented. They are written in certain set phrases, and are laudatory without meaning or discrimination. When, therefore, we come across an article indicted in a spirit of earnest condemnation, we are naturally prepossessed in its favor. Our sympathies are with the reviewer and against the book. "Here's a man," we say, "who speaks without fear or favor; now we shall have an honest judgment." It was with some such feeling as this that we commenced the perusal of the article referred to in *The Press* upon the new book of Professor Cleveland; but, as we read on, our feelings changed, and we finished the piece strongly impressed with the belief that the writer was prejudiced, and that he had dealt unjustly with his author. Since then we have seen the book for ourselves, and are satisfied with the correctness of our first impressions. After a somewhat careful examination, we do not hesitate to say that the "Compendium of American Literature" is a most admirable and valuable work; one which was much needed, and for the publication of which the compiler is entitled to the grateful acknowledgments of the public.

The task of condensing into a 12mo. volume of 740 pages an impartial outline of American Literature is a difficult one, and one which no man can perform to universal satisfaction; but our impression is that, after a fair trial, the verdict of public opinion will be that Mr. Cleveland has executed this task in a manner, on the whole, satisfactory, and so as to afford as little ground for complaint as, under the circumstances, could have reasonably been expected. That some authors have been passed over who had a right to be noticed, and that others have been honored with a more conspicuous place than their comparative merits entitled them to, is highly probable; but these are not grave faults, nor such as should deprive the compiler of the credit of having, on the whole, honestly and faithfully performed his duty.

A prominent place has been given in the Compendium to the Orators and Poets of Liberty. This was right; it was demanded alike by fidelity to the author's own convictions and a just regard for what is due to the best and most vigorous literature of the country. Pro-slavery patriots and spurious Democrats may affect to sneer at the compiler's preferences, but men of just judgment and pure taste, we think, will give him credit for wise discrimination.

Professor Cleveland is a man of strong religious feelings and convictions, and this is manifest in every page of his book; but there is no evidence in it of an offensive sectarian spirit, and the work may be read with approval and profit by people of the most widely diverging religious sentiments. Speaking on this point, we were pleased to see that the notice of Jonathan Edwards, with which the book opens, contains some extracts from that great and good man's celebrated "Resolutions." These resolutions, seventy in number, were adopted by Edwards while yet a youth, not twenty years old, for the regulation of his conduct, and were adhered to tenaciously, and, as he would have said, "prayerfully," to the end of his life. Some twelve or thirteen of these are quoted in the Compendium; and although they are striking and characteristic of the man, they are not any more so than some others that might have been cited; such, for instance, as the following:

"Resolved never to do anything out of revenge.
"Resolved never to suffer the least motion of anger to irrational beings.
"Resolved never to lose one moment of time; but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.
"Resolved to live with all my might while I do live.
"Resolved to live at all times as I think is best in my devout frames, and when I have clearest notions of the Gospel and another world.
"Resolved to maintain the strictest temperance in eating and drinking.
"Resolved never to do anything which, if I should see in another, I should count a just occasion to despise him for, or to think any way the more meanly of him.
"Resolved never to speak in narrations anything but the pure and simple verity.
"Resolved never to speak evil of any person, except some particular good call for it.
"Resolved never to do anything that I so much question the lawfulness of as that I intend at the same time to consider and examine afterwards whether it be lawful or no; except I as much question the lawfulness of the omission.
"Resolved never to allow the least measure of any fretting or uneasiness to my father or mother. Resolved to suffer no effects of it, so much as in the least alteration of speech or motion of my eye; and to be especially careful with regard to any of our family."

These resolutions are doubtless familiar to a certain class of our readers, but there are others to whom they will probably have the interest of novelty, and who may read them with profit. We have allowed them to draw us away from the book under notice, but this is well enough perhaps, as we had said all we care to say at this time on that topic. We would only add that if any one desires a judiciously selected and well condensed Compend of American Literature, we would commend to him that of C. D. Cleveland.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS, for 1858.

We have here a goodly pamphlet of 116 pp., containing the Minutes, Exposition of Sentiments, Testimonies and Correspondence of the Progressive Friends of Pennsylvania for the present year, and four sermons delivered in their meeting at Longwood by Rev. Theodore Parker. The subjects of these sermons are as follows: 1. The Gradual Development of the Conception of God in the Books of the Bible. 2. The Ecclesiastical Conception of God, and its Relation to the Scientific and Religious Wants of Man. 3. The Philosophical Idea of God, and its Relation to the Scientific and Religious Wants of Mankind now. 4. The Soul's Normal Delight in the Infinite God. Reformers of every school will find much to edify and something to instruct them in these records of the newest and broadest Church now existing in this country, if not in the world. The attitude of that Church upon the question of slavery offers an example of fidelity to freedom which cannot be too earnestly commended to the notice and imitation of other religious bodies.

This pamphlet is sold for 25 cents at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. It will be sent by mail, post paid, for 10 three-cent stamps.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER *for July* contains eight articles as follows:

I. The Church of Rome in her Theology.
II. The Material Condition of the People of Massachusetts.
III. The Composition of the Apocalypse.
IV. Curtis's History of the Constitution.
V. Mr. Combe on Sculpture and Painting.
VI. Oriental Christianity and Islamism.
VII. Bancroft's American Revolution.
VIII. Review of Current Literature.

These papers are all marked by the broad learning and catholic tone which ever characterize the pages of the *Examiner;* but the great question of the day, if not wholly ignored, is less prominent in this than in some former numbers. The most salient and practical paper is the second, upon "The Material Condition of the People of Massachusetts," which, founded upon the census returns, embodies much important and timely truth. It is anonymous, of course, but the author's vigorous hand is visible in every line. See fourth page for extracts. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXXXII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent on the Fourth of July—His account of Framingham and the Celebration there—Why he can not fully describe it—Where he was the night before—His theory of morals as to Railway trains—His value of time—His attempt to hear Mr. Choate—His disappointment—And the reason thereof—Democratic Exclusiveness—The Dinner at the Revere—Justice to Mr. Hallett—The City's propitiatory sacrifice—The morning and afternoon balloons, &c., &c.

BOSTON, July 12, 1858.

A WEEK having passed since the Nation's Birthday, we have had time to recover from the access of confluent patriotism which is then at once epidemic and endemic all over the country. I find my head clear enough for the task of reciting "the hunting of that day," if its other properties were only adequate to the occasion. And first of our own Meeting. It was, on the whole, as was generally agreed, the best Celebration of the Fourth the Abollitionists have ever held, and, as they are the only persons who are competent to celebrate the day at all, it was of course the best one ever held anywhere since its first invention. The weather was, as you know, of the very first quality. It could hardly have been better if we had had the making of the day ourselves. The rain of the day before had laid the dust and cooled the air, and so furnished us with a first-rate article in that line. The number of persons who went up to Framingham from here was never so great, and those in attendance from the country round about exceeded all past experience. As I have more than once described the Grove which was the scene of the festivities and of the addresses, I shall not trouble your readers with another edition—for it is not to be supposed that any of them are so blind to their own best interests as not to preserve all my letters and to improve their minds by frequently reading them over, pondering and inwardly digesting them all the while. The beauty of the grove, the animation given to the scene by the immense concourse present, the liveliness of the groups scattered over the varied surface during the intermission, the fixed attention of the listening crowds during the speaking, interrupted only by enthusiastic bursts of applause, of all this, and more, you must form an idea for yourself. I can give you none of it.

And one reason why I cannot is (between ourselves) *that I wasn't there myself!* It is no sufficient reason, to be sure, as I could tell you all about it probably about as well as if I had been; but, still, it is an excuse for not spending more of my time upon that subject, referring you for particulars to the regular Report which you will, doubtless, have in the paper which will contain this letter. You see, I happened to spend the night at a town about ten miles from here, at the house of a common friend—though a very uncommon person—who has had his name in your imprint and who is suspected of still writing occasionally for your columns. It so fell out that the authorities predominating over the Railway on which we depended to convey us to Boston in season to take the special train for Framingham had dropped the train usually departing at 8 a. m. for this occasion, obliging us to use one leaving at 7 a. m., if we would be up to time. Now, I will leave it to any intelligent jury taken out of your subscription list—no delinquents to be capable of serving—whether it were reasonable to expect persons of good moral character, of regular habits and virtuous dispositions so to unbesseem the promise of their spring and give the lie to all their antecedents as to take a train leaving at the inordinately and immoderately early hour of seven! I am sure the jury would bring in a verdict in our favor without leaving their seats. We did make a vain and impotent attempt to be in season for it, I must admit, but with the ill-success so ill-directed and improper an effort deserved. The only circumstances under which such an attempt could be properly successful would be those which alone can make the spectacle of sun-rising excusable—I mean, after sitting up all night for the purpose. To be sure, the patriotic explosiveness of our neighbors during the night made it almost the same thing as sitting up, as far as sleep was concerned.

At a suitable and proper hour I did repair to this city, thinking I might hit upon an intermediate train which would take me up to Framingham in time for all practical purposes. But finding that there would be none till the afternoon, which would not give me time enough to make it worth while to go, I was obliged to fall back on what resources the city afforded for the ventilation of my patriotism. You need not doubt that my steps were first directed towards the Tremont Temple, where Mr. Choate had a special retainer in behalf of the Union, to show cause why that old and hardened offender should not have sentence of death passed upon it. But, to my extreme astonishment, I found that this pattern specimen of patient Democracy, with all the latest improvements attached, the Democratic Club, I believe it is called, admitted no one without a ticket, even to help save the Union from impending doom! Almacks itself was not more exclusive. So I had to give up hearing what was to be said in mitigation of sentence. It was a great pity, as Mr. Choate's eminence in the line of slipping the necks of the most notorious of culprits out of the halter is so transcendent that one would like to hear what he could say in behalf of this chief of sinners. It is nothing whatever to read it in the newspapers. The types cannot tear their hair or twirl themselves round on their heels, or make their arms gyrate so that Don Quixote might have been excused for doubting whether it were a windmill or a giant before him, had he happened to stumble upon this adventure. So I shall say nothing about what you can read as well as I, and make your own comments upon the same—if you can discern the counsel that is darkened by all that multitude of words.

I suppose I could have got a ticket if I had gone to work the right way. All that was necessary was to buy a ticket to a fine dinner at the Revere House for ten dollars, and I might have had *four* tickets to the Oration, besides hearing the Union saved any number of times at the table. But I was mean enough not to do it, and I was appropriately punished. To be sure, neither Mr. Buchanan nor any of his Cabinet came on to help in the good work, as had been promised when the tickets were first set up for sale. But, then, Mr. Everett worked doubletides, and after holding up the Union in Faneuil Hall, where the City Government dined for their country, ran across the town and set his shoulder under it in the Revere Dining-Room. He was under the influence of no anodyne, that day. And, then, that much-martyred man, Mr. Benjamin F. Hallett, was not to be withheld by the ingratitude of his country from coming to her aid at this extremity of her need. After all his services in rescuing us all from the murderous hands of that traitor Anthony Burns, when he had justly looked for the promotion his merits deserved, to be trundled out of his poor office here was really too bad! And then that Mr. Buchanan should have added insult to injury by tearing his commission across, when it was brought to him for signature, saying, "He is a d—d Yankee, and he shan't have it!" What inducement have men to invest themselves in public virtue, if this is to be their reward? And, then, to have to pay ten dollars for an opportunity to go and save the Union over again that had used him so scurvily, and to be coughed down for his pains! For so it is said he was. It is more than I can endure with patience. But, perhaps, his case was not so bad as that of some of the unlucky examiners and tide-waiters—all of whom had to buy tickets to the dinner out of their poor salaries, who received their dismissal the next day, from a reduction of the forces in the Custom-House. The Union must not expect to last, if it doesn't behave better than this comes to towards its best friends.

But you must not think the city was behindhand in the great work of the day. A due sacrifice was provided to expiate the offence of the Complimentary Flunkeyism of last year, in the shape of a dirty little dog who had been taught no better manners than (the simile is Carlyle's, good reader, and not mine) to lift up his leg against the chief guest of the city and the Chief Magistrate of the State, as he sat, bound hand and foot by the proprieties of the occasion, on the platform. The service was certainly very different from that of last year; and if that be a proof of its excellence, it was doubtless better. At any rate, I have heard of no proposition to deviate from the usual printing civilities, as was the case then. But a man who has given so good a phrase as "Complimentary Flunkeyism" to the world can well afford to print his orations at his own expense. At the dinner in Faneuil Hall the salvation of the Union was promoted with the most fervent zeal. If it be not accomplished after all that was done to effect it, it must be in a most desperate condition—as, indeed, I am afraid all this anxiety must prove that it must be. Health and strength can generally take pretty good care of themselves. It is when the quacks gather round the patient, to see what they can get out of him, that his case looks immediately bad. The Common here was really a beautiful scene, covered as it was in the afternoon with crowds of comfortable looking men, women and children to see the balloons go up. There were two of these machines, which have been defined to be silk bags with gas in their bellies and fools at their tails, which went up into the regions above. They were very pretty spectacles and not inappropriate emblems of the orations which, in the morning, had gone up under the influence of the same motive power, carrying the same description of persons along with them.

D. T.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philantropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
LOUISA LORING,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
L. MARIA CHILD,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
CAROLINE WESTON,
MARY WILLEY,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
ABBY FRANCIS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
AUGUSTA G. KING,
ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,
ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,
MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

INDIAN WAR IN OREGON.—The latest advices from the Pacific convey intelligence of the defeat of Col. Steptoe in a battle with the Indians of Oregon. We may now expect a bloody and exterminating war with the abused Red men of that Territory—a war incited chiefly by a set of desperate white ruffians who expect

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

A DREAM OF DAMASCUS.

I walk 'neath the boly blue
Of thy beautiful skies, O June!
And feel like a bird that sings
'Mid the purple clover's bloom.

I breathe in the scented breath
Exhaled from a thousand flowers,
And dream as the dreamers may
Who sleep in the Lotus bowers.

I gaze in the rose's heart,
Far down in each tinted fold,
And the wondrous dreams return
That gladdened my heart of old.

I pass o'er the desert sands,
A-weary and travel-sore,
And, peerless city! thou dawn'st
On my raptured gaze once more.

As the thoughts of gushing springs,
Of wild boughs waving free,
To the fever-bowed thou come'st,
O city, in dreams to me!

'Mid masses of deepest shade,
I see thy minarets gleam,
And sweet is the music made
By the rush of thy mountain stream.

I wander in gardens rare,
Where thickets of roses bloom,
Thro' tangled vines, where fountains leap,
Like light, thro' the dusky gloom.

O, the rose's flush has paled,
And faint has its perfume grown,
The vision fades with the rose's flush,
With the beauty my soul has known.

But still, 'neath the boly blue
Of thy beautiful skies, O June!
I feel like a bird that sings
'Mid the purple clover's bloom.

June 27, 1858. T. E. D.

NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY.

Having devoted some space in a former paper to particulars connected with my special favorite, the pretty and affectionate bullfinch, the very prince of European cage-birds, I shall here say a word about the house or dwelling usually provided for him. I think that nothing can be more wantonly cruel than the common practice of leaving the poor bird exposed to the hourly danger of being dragged through his prison bars and perishing miserably by the fangs of the cat. I have myself adopted the mode of placing the upright wires of the cage so close that no cat's paw could possibly pass between them, at the same time allowing the cross-wires to run within about an inch and a half of each other. I would suggest, as more elegant, a slight wire-lattice covering the whole cage, and the meshes of which should not leave more than a quarter of an inch opening. This might be made of very thin brass wire, and would not look amiss; at all events, it is to be hoped that cat-proof cages made on this principle, or some other, will one day be in general use. Apropos of bullfinches, it is generally thought that they will not breed in captivity: I know of at least one instance to the contrary: a large cage, and quiet, seem all they require.

An ingenious mode of rearing birds is practised in France; at least, I have only seen it there. The young birds with the nest are placed in a small cage, and tied up near the place in which the nest itself lay. I have seen the old birds come and attend to the nursing of their offspring in this way with the utmost zeal and success. When we consider how much more skilful they are in finding the best food, and administering it in the best manner, we cannot be surprised that in this way the great losses, otherwise sure to occur, are avoided.

Pigeons are certainly graceful creatures, and interesting from many qualities they possess. Some of the peculiar kinds are striking objects, from their odd appearance or graceful symmetry; but, on the whole, I think them little worth cultivating as pets, however amusing to boys. But they have one advantage to the dweller in cities who seldom gets a peep "at nature in her green array"; they help to keep alive in his heart the soft and humanizing impressions which nature alone can foster. There is something most delightful to the toil-worn mechanic who "plies his sickly trade" in some forlorn garret, if he can see a pigeon or two of his own take wing from its window, and, after wheeling gracefully about in mid-heaven, come soaring back again to their place. All the little domestic economy of the fond pair is, in such cases, an interesting study; and we seldom find pets like these, birds or flowers, in the dwellings of the spendthrift or the drunkard.

Passing to another class of animals, I come upon one I always regard with the greatest interest and curiosity; I mean the otter. In a wild state, it is one of the most fierce and savage creatures possible. Every one knows of its predatory habits, and the destruction of fish it occasions; but few are aware that, if taken very young, it may be brought up as tame as a dog, and that it is susceptible of a high degree of attachment to its master. I have it from authority on which I can implicitly rely, that an otter was thus tamed in the west of Ireland, some years ago; and that it would descend into the waters of Lough Corrib, and return to the boat with its prey—generally a salmon—in its mouth. My informant adds, that some English officers quartered in Galway were so delighted with its performance that they resolved to have it at any price. The owner parted very reluctantly with its favorite, which was regularly installed at the barracks. Possibly, if his new friends had waited a sufficient time to gain his affections by kindness, all might have been well; but, anxious for sport, they took him on the water, and let him go. In a short time, the otter reappeared with a salmon in his jaws, and, as usual, swam for the boat. As he drew near, a thought seemed to strike him, and he hesitated, looked into the faces of those whom he could see, swam about a little, as if pursuing his scrutiny, and at last dived, and was seen no more! The probability is that, missing the master whom he knew, he had not sufficient acquaintance with his new possessors to care for their company. I have good information from other sources of the capacity of the otter for domestication. This capacity seems to be the distinguishing mark of certain races. I suppose it to represent organic differences in the brain and nervous system.

We have seen that the pheasant and gray partridge are incapable of domestication, while other denizens of the wood and field yield to it at once. So it appears to be among quadrupeds. The fox and wolf, although often tried, never have been truly tamed, so far as I know. They do not seem to have brain enough for it; and the silly instinct of timidity—silly, I mean, when no cause justifies it—is too strong to be got over. Yet there are some few instances of an exceptional kind, in which even the wolf has shown affection to the person by whom he was reared. The low cunning which is displayed by these animals in such perfection must lie in some portion of cerebral matter quite apart from those developments which distinguish the cranium of the noble and magnanimous dog. How often do we see individuals of the human species who strikingly illustrate both temperaments!

There is something very interesting in contemplating those animals which, still in a wild state, represent the origin and source of our domestic servants and companions. I do not, for my own part, believe that the dog has any more family relationship to the wolf than the pheasant has to the domestic fowl. Many qualities they have in common, no doubt; but there would seem to be some radical difference, which no time can obliterate. My belief is that the dog has, quite apart from the wolf, his wild prototype; and that, like the South American dingo, some animal of the tribe was to be found in primeval Europe, from which all our varieties may have sprung.

Now that I have got upon the subject of dogs, I must restrain my garrulity, for the theme is inexhaustible. I shall content myself with alluding to the following curious instance of a voluntary association for a common purpose among them, which fell under my own observation.

When a boy, I was engaged one evening in watching to get a shot at some rabbits in an ancient park, in which were many detached burrows. I was much surprised to see two dogs—one large, and the other very small—bound over the fence, and, crouching down in a hollow space, as if to avoid observation, gallop rapidly towards one of the warrens. They concealed themselves as well as they could, directing their approach by the course of an old ditch, and, when near the holes, rushing furiously forward, with the evident design of surprising some outlier. Failing in this, the small dog entered the burrow, and I could hear him barking underground, no doubt to *bolt* the rabbits from their refuge, while his companion stood outside, waving his tail in the greatest excitement and watchfulness. At last the little dog returned, and the pair set off with all speed for another burrow, where the same scene was repeated. I did not see that they met with any success; but I suppose they must occasionally have done so; and, on the whole, it has always struck me as a very curious instance in its way. It illustrates this wonderful fact, that animals can interchange ideas without language; and is the more remarkable that they were not forced into this association, as wild dogs are, by any necessity for providing, by united efforts, for their common subsistence, or for the attack upon some prey, against which the strength of one would not avail.

Among the creatures which, in a wild state, are interesting may be mentioned the wild pig. There is something in the grisly majesty and fierce self-reliance of the full-grown boar which impresses itself on all minds. Nothing can be more savage and formidable than the countenance of this animal; and his strength and speed, when not checked in his range of ground, are wonderful. Yet he is very easily domesticated. A friend of mine supplied himself with pork and bacon for many years from a breed of pure German wild boars; and excellent they were. He had, when I first saw them, a magnificent patriarchal old fellow, of tremendous appearance, but as gentle as tame pig could be. This boar, as he had plenty of successors growing up around him, my friend bestowed upon a certain zoological garden, where he became a first-rate attraction. Whatever else was neglected, one was sure to see a crowd around the strong paling by which this fierce and dangerous wild beast was confined. "Did you see the wild boar?" "Oh, what a hideous monster!" was in every mouth. I remember one day creating quite a sensation of horror, by going up to the paling, calling my old acquaintance by name, and, when he came up grunting and barking to where I stood, scratching his jaws and poll to his infinite satisfaction. This reminds me of a wild boar anecdote I had from the late Sir W. Maxwell. It would seem that a friend of his in Scotland had received from Germany a splendid boar, which soon after contrived to make his escape, by leaping a wall such as, it was presumed, no pig could possibly get over. He made his way into a park where a number of young cattle were grazing; and they, being excited by his strange appearance, gave chase at once, and ended by fairly bringing him to bay. I have always heard, on the continent, that a boar will overthrow horse and man, if they abide his onset, and I fully believe it; but so determined was the onslaught of these *stots* upon the present one that, forming a circle around him, they contrived to trample him to death, and almost to atoms.

I have had occasion to remark before, that some of the very wildest birds and animals are capable of being tamed with facility, if taken young; while others are just the reverse.

The stag and deer tribe, generally, are instances of the former peculiarity; indeed, the boldness of tame stags renders them even dangerous. I take it for granted that they could scarcely ever be tolerated as domestic animals from their bold and fierce temper, and their tendency to use their horns when provoked. I have often seen it tried, but always with the result that the bucks were found quite intolerable, and duly "killed off." An exception may be claimed for a very fine stag I once knew as forming part of the staff of a marching regiment. He went with the corps everywhere, was much admired at reviews and other such gatherings. I knew another case of a tame buck, which, in a country town, would stroll in from his master's house in the suburbs, and was constantly seen scampering back with a loaf of bread, a dried fish, or a cut of bacon in his mouth; for nothing came amiss to his appetite. He was the plague of the hucksters' shops in the vicinity, and cost, no doubt, a good sum for damages.

The same tendency to ill-temper and ferocity runs through the antelope tribe; and the ibex and chamois are examples of it. I knew a case some years ago of a very fine chamois, in the collection of the Duke of Gotha, which became so dangerous that it had to be destroyed. By the way, I could not help feeling, when I saw these animals, what a pity it is that so little pains are taken to afford such as are kept in captivity some opportunity of showing their native qualities. These chamois were confined in a small court, with a miniature attempt at a rocky pinnacle in the centre. Now, it would have cost but a trifle to enclose with wooden poles from the adjoining forest a space considerably larger, and within this to have erected something which might have given these interesting creatures an opportunity of displaying their wondrous agility. Perhaps this additional space and climbing-ground might have saved the life of the beautiful buck, by giving him some vent for his pent-up energies. I was told that nothing could be more formidable than the way in which he had recently attacked a calf belonging to the keeper, which unluckily came in his way. He charged the poor beast with great violence, inserting the points of his little crooked horns with great dexterity in its side and ripping it open in such a way as to cause almost instant death.

It seems singular that we hear nothing of attempts to introduce the chamois and ibex into Scotland. Ought not the wild solitude of our Highland ranges to afford them a dwelling suitable to their nature and habits? It may indeed be doubtful whether any mountains below the level of perpetual snow would be cool enough for the ibex in summer; but the experiment would be well worth trial.

What a noble animal is the now nearly extinct ibex! It is a great mistake to suppose that the chamois disputes with him the honor of the highest mountain throne. On the contrary, of all four-footed creatures, he alone breathes the keen air of the Alpine summits; and although descending at night to feed in the lower ranges, yet his home is the bosom of the eternal glacier, stretched at length upon which he passes the summer-day, and strives to cool by its contact his heated blood.

What would not one give to see a herd of these wonderful creatures, with their huge horns recurved almost to the tail, yet skipping lightly from crag to crag, and finding a safe footing amongst the most appalling precipices! It is not surprising that the chase of the ibex has for the hunter of the Alps all the fascination of gambling. No laws, however strict, can restrain him; and although, at least in Savoy, it is penal to destroy the ibex, the work of slaughter goes on unchecked.

The race is thinning out year by year; but it has survived the period assigned by De Saussure for its extermination. When taken, it is a valuable prize. The skin is of some importance in commerce; the flesh is excellent, and the horns, if good, will fetch from £3 to £4 sterling.

Good horns are known by their size and the number of knobs along their edge. Each year of the animal's life, a knob is added, and they never exceed thirty, that being understood as the extreme age of the ibex. I was fortunate enough to procure, some years since, a fine pair of horns, which mark about twenty-nine years' growth; but such instances are now very rare, and will soon be unknown altogether.

All the horns brought to market are not necessarily the result of poaching. Some are generally found, when the snow melts in spring, lying at the foot of precipices over which the poor beasts have been carried by the falling avalanches. Such must have been the fate of the bearer of the horns alluded to, and awful the crash with which the patriarch came to his end, for the strong bones of the skull were split in two, although apparently almost as hard as iron, and a portion went with each horn.

I believe I am scarcely in order in speaking of the ibex among the antelopes; he is, after all, only a superior sort of goat. The chamois is allowed to hold an intermediate place, and act as a connecting-link between the goat and the true antelopes.—*Chambers's Journal.*

EARTHQUAKES—BRUTE SAGACITY.

To man, nature affords no symptom of the approach of an earthquake, even of the most destructive description, in time to put him on his guard, and enable him beforehand to consult the means of safety. It is true that where there are active volcanoes, and they sulk for a season, or cease to smoke as usual, a convulsion in the vicinity may be predicted with tolerable certainty. But the day and hour of its occurrence is a profound secret; and the event is often warded off by the craters resuming their activity. Down to almost the latest moment prior to the dread event, which will slay its thousands, convert their houses into sepulchres, and demolish the marts of commerce, the halls of justice, and the temples of religion, both heaven and earth appear as on days destined to pass peacefully or gladsomely away. It was on Old Saints' Day, which broke with a serene sky and a fine easterly breeze in the early morning, when the churches were thronged with congregations, that Lisbon was smitten to the dust. On the afternoon of a similar festival, beneath a calm and cloudless sky, Caraccas perished, while the moon hung her brilliant lamp over the ruined city at eventide, and the night of the torrid zone set in with peculiar loveliness. If long calms, oppressive heats, and prevalent fogs have been the observed antecedents of many catastrophes, it is certain that the events are merely coincident, and not physically connected, since such states of the atmosphere often occur without being followed by terrible phenomena, while earthquakes have as frequently transpired during gales of wind, under the brightest skies, and when heavy rains have been pouring down.

As the solemn crisis approaches, human intelligence seems inferior to brute sagacity. Men buy and sell, eat and drink, marry and are given in marriage, on the eve of a change which will nullify contracts, and terminate the engagements of life to the busiest plotters for the future; while many of the lower animals renounce their customary habits, and display unmistakable apprehension of some alarming though unknown incident being at hand. Rats, mice, moles, snakes and lizards abandon the holes and cavities in the ground in which they dwell, and run about with evident trepidation. Some of the higher species also, especially goats, hogs, cats and dogs, with horses and cattle in a lesser degree, seem to scent the coming earthquake, and exhibit remarkable restlessness.

Various interesting facts have been noted in relation to the demeanor of animals prior to a great convulsion. It was towards noon, beneath a clear and almost cloudless sky, with the sea-breeze freshly blowing, that the cities of Conception and Talcahuano, on the coast of South America, were desolated in the year 1835. At ten o'clock, two hours before their ruin, the inhabitants remarked with surprise, as altogether unusual, large flights of seafowl passing from the coast towards the interior; and the dogs at Talcahuano abandoned the town before the shock which levelled its buildings was felt. Not an animal, it is believed, was in the place when the destruction came. In 1805, previous to an earthquake experienced at Naples, which took place in the night, but was most severely felt in the provinces, the oxen and cows began to bellow; the sheep and goats bleated strangely; the dogs howled terribly; and the horses fastened in their stalls leaped up, endeavoring to break the halters which attached them to the mangers. Rabbits and moles were seen to leave their burrows; birds rose, as if scared, from the places on which they had alighted; and reptiles left in clear day-light their subterraneous retreats. Some faithful dogs, a few minutes before the first shock, awoke their sleeping masters by barking, and pulling them, as if anxious to warn them of impending danger; and several persons were thus enabled to save themselves. On the recent occasion, all the dogs in the neighborhood of Vallo howled before the people were sensible of their danger. To account for these circumstances, it is conjectured that, prior to actual disturbance, noxious gases and other exhalations are emitted from the interior of the earth through crannies and pores of the surface, invisible to the eye, which distress and alarm animals gifted with acute organs of smell. This seems to be the true explanation, for it is undoubted that gases of various descriptions are thus set free, both while earthquakes are in process and antecedently. In 1827, when the valley of Rio Magdalena was shaken, large quantities of carbonic acid gas escaped from some crevices, which killed a considerable number of burrowing animals as well as reptiles. It has likewise been frequently observed that the surface of the sea, or of a river, has exhibited the appearance of ebullition, owing probably to the disengagement of gas or air from the bottom. In a report from the Syndic or Salandro, one of the communes which suffered severely from the recent scourge, it is stated that for nearly a month, about two miles from the town, a gas was observed to issue from a water-course, which ceased altogether about a week after the first shock of the earthquake.—*Leisure Hour.*

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.*

Before I trust my Fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet;
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou has kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Could'st thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou—had been to blame;
Some soothe their conscience thus: but thou, O, surely, thou wilt warn me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my Fate:
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I *would* risk it all.

*From "Legends and Lyrics," a new volume just published in London, by Adelaide Anne Procter (daughter of Barry Cornwall).

PHYSICAL HEALTH.

The New-Englanders set too little value on physical health. They do not prize a strong body. Men in cities always decay in vigor; they are smaller in size, feebler in strength. The average age at death, in Boston, is not quite 20. In Dukes County it is over 45. So 20 men in Dukes County will live 900 years; in Boston, only 400! There is a great odds in the healthiness of towns. In Lowell 21 die out of 1,000 each year; in Boston, 24; in Baltimore, 25; in Philadelphia, 26; in Savannah, 41; in New Orleans, 81! Out of 1,000 men at New Orleans, 60 more will die in a year than at Lowell. There is a similar odds in different parts of this city. Men take little notice of these things, and try to live where they are sure to die. They attend much to money, little to man, and so, in getting the means of living, they lose life itself. Farmers die at 64; shoemakers at 43; printers at 36. So 86 farmers will live as long as 43 shoemakers, or 64 printers. Why? The farmer breathes air; the shoemaker, wax and leather; the printer, ink and type-metal. In schools great stress is laid on training the mind—always the mind, nothing but the mind. The most excessive stimulants are applied to make little girls learn the maximum of books in the minimum of time. We forget that God also made the body, and, if this "earthern vessel" be cracked, that all the spiritual "treasure" runs out, and perishes from the earth. For success in life there is needed a good brain and a good body. One is worth little without the other. What God hath joined, we are everlastingly putting asunder. But most of the eminent men in America have tough bodies; what power of work is in them! Look at the rich merchants, at our great lawyers and judges, men of science, politics, letters. They are men of vigorous health, who can eat dinners, and sleep o' nights, and work also days long; they live to a decent and respectable age. A venerable doctor of medicine, more than 80 years old, may be seen every day in Boston walking his rounds, at that great age manfully representing not only the science, but also the charity, of that healing art he has done so much to improve as well as to apply: we never look at Dr. James Jackson without reverent thankfulness for the wise and temperate vigor which has kept him useful so long. Mr. Quincy has a national reputation, not only for integrity, which never forsook him in times of trial, but also for that strength of body which holds nobly out in his eighty-seventh year. The happy old age of these two venerable and well-known men is due to their inheritance less than to their active, regular and temperate habits; because wise, their life is also long.

The fashionable idea of what a woman should be is nearly as pernicious as the theological conception of what God is—almost as unnatural. She must be as feeble as a ghost. Hardly can she bear the burden of her ill-supported clothes. Steady and continuous toil is impossible to such a doll. She glories in her shame, and is as proud of weakness as Hercules and Samson are supposed to have been of their legs and great burly shoulders. But we doubt if it be natural that a "cultivated woman" should be a cross betwixt a ghost and a London doll. Charlemagne's daughter, on her shoulders carrying home her lover through the treacherous and newly fallen snow, is a little nearer the natural type of the animal woman. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," though reported as a curse for man alone, is a blessing which the Infinite pronounces also on woman; the second benediction recorded in Genesis.

A certain amount of work is necessary to keep the body sound. Our life is the dying of old particles, and their replacement by new ones. Part of the effete matter must be got rid of by perspiration, through the pores of the skin. The natural work of earning food, shelter, raiment, is also the natural means for health. If this be not done, there is an accumulation of dead matter—and the delicate woman, too proud to cook her dinner or wash her clothes, at length comes to this vile drudgery—the menial work of dragging about all day a piece of "a slovenly, unhandsome corse." Heaven save us from the righteous sentence to such hard labor for life! No court of doctors can reverse the decision of that Infinite Chief Justice whose law is the constitution of the universe. Let us suppose an average New England woman at her marriageable age weighs 120 pounds, and a man 140 pounds. Suppose two idle lovers of this bulk have so lived that ten per cent of their bodies is thus effete—dead, but not buried. When they stand up and join hands in wedlock, there is a marriage of 224 pounds of live man and woman, and also of 26 pounds of male and female corpse! We know a family where one mother bore fourteen children—none of them died under 75 years of age. A woman who bears, breeds, and brings up a dozen, or half that number, of healthy, hardy and long-lived sons and daughters, so far as that goes, is a mother worth being proud of. Had such a generation of women as now fill up our great towns lived in New England a hundred years ago, the Revolution would have been impossible. Puny women may become dry nurses to a coward, not mothers to great, brave, burly-bodied men. If we look into the church registers of the country towns for the last one hundred and fifty years, we find from eight to twelve births to a marriage. The children grew up, the parents did not think "a large family is a great curse"! We know a man whose six male ancestors, now sleeping in New England soil, will average about seventy-seven years; while the six female come up to about eighty. The first and the last of these women each bore her eleven children—one of them had but seven, and she became a widow at forty—and one had fourteen.

In Boston, this year, 5,800 will be born; of these, more than 1,000 will die before the 1st of January, 1859. Part of this monstrous mortality will come from bad management, bad air, bad food—from poverty; want still prowls about the cradle and clutches at the baby's throat—this ugly hyena of civilization; but much of it also from the lack of vitality in the mother; yet more of it from the bad habits of men, debauched by intemperance of various kinds, visiting the iniquity of the father upon the children, to the third and fourth generation!

It is rather a puny set of men who grow up in our great towns—spindle-legged ("without visible means of support")—ashamed of their bodies (not wholly without reason), yet pampering them with luxuries. We have left off manly games, to our hurt; but it was refreshing to see men and women rejoice in skates last winter. The members of engine companies are the only men who can go faster than a walk; but for the frequent fires we fear running would become one of the "Lost Arts." Military trainings are getting out of fashion, for war is deservedly hateful; and the intemperance which has always been the attendant, if not of military, at least of militia glory, has made the public a little fearful of that common sort of manly pastime. Our few soldiers have fine uniforms, they march well—on a smooth road, a mile at a time—and perform their evolutions with the precision of clockwork; such regular uniformity we have never seen in the armies of France, Austria, or Prussia, or even Ebgland. But the city soldiers lack bodily power. In the time of Shays's rebellion, in the winter of 1786–7, a company of Boston light infantry had twelve hours' notice that they must march to Springfield. They started at daylight next morning—there were about ninety in rank and file. We had the story from one of them, a young carpenter then—an old merchant when he told the tale. Each man had his weapons, his blanket, and three days' provision on his back. By the road-side they ate their rough, cold dinner at Framingham, twenty-six miles off; they slept at Worcester, eighteen miles further on. The next day it stormed, and through snow eight inches deep they marched forty-six miles more. They stopped their music—only a fife and drum—ten miles from their journey's end, and when, at eight o'clock in the evening, they wheeled into Springfield, the solid tread of the men was the first tidings the insurgents got that the troops had left Boston! If the "Tigers" of 1858 were to march ninety miles in two days, there would be nothing left of them—but a bear-skin!

* * * * * *

It appears that 20,734 persons died in Massachusetts in 1856—that is, about two out of 109. It is not extravagant to suppose that two persons are sick all the time for one that dies; thus 41,468 persons in Massachusetts are continually sick—that is, 1,132,000 persons endure 41,000 years of sickness in each twelvemonth. If this evil were distributed uniformly over the community, it would give a little more than thirteen days of sickness to each man, woman and child! How many are continually ailing with one malady or another! what an army of doctors—allopathic, homœopathic, hydropathic, sudoripathic, mixopathic, and pneumatopathic—are waging war on disease! what ammunition and medical weapons, terrible to look upon, are stored up in the great arsenals of this human warfare, this really creative fight, tended by diligent apothecaries! The amount of invalidism is frightful to contemplate.

Look a moment at the consequences of sickness. First, there is the positive pain borne directly by the sick and indirectly by their companions and friends. What a monstrous evil that is! It changes life from a delight to a torment, the natural functions of the body are ill performed, and this frame is found to be not only "wonderfully" made, but also "fearfully." In their normal state all the senses are inlets of delight; but sickness shuts gladness out from all these five doors of the human house, and fills it full of "shrieks and shapes and sights unholy."

Taken as a whole, the indirect pain of such as stand and wait, looking on with eyes of sympathy, and folding their unavailing hands, is more than the sick man directly encounters himself. What a vast amount of suffering from this direct and this reflected pain!

Then there is the pecuniary cost of sickness. The man's power of productive industry has gone from him. The mechanic's right hand has lost its cunning now; the faithful mother would, but cannot, care for husband or for child; the great, nice brain of genius is like the soft *encephalon* of the fool. Let us estimate the cost as light as possible. Of the 41,468 perennial sick, suppose that 21,468 are persons whose power of productive industry is worth nothing to the country even in their health—that they only earn their living; that 10,000 are men who, in health, would each earn $300 a year more than it costs to feed, clothe, house, comfort and amuse them, and 10,000 more are women who, if well, would earn $150 apiece beside their similar keep; then the simple cessation of this industry costs the State $4,500,000 a year. If we should double these figures, and say $9,000,000, we think we should still be within the mark. Suppose that it costs but a dollar a day to nurse, diet and doctor each of these 41,468 invalids—a quite moderate calculation—that amounts to $15,135,820. We may safely say that sickness costs the people of Massachusetts directly $20,000,000 a year, in these two items alone. In other words, if all the people were healthy except the 20,000 who die, Massachusetts would add $20,000,000 more to her annual increase of honest wealth—to her means of use and beauty.

Besides, the effects of sickness on the higher faculties of man are commonly quite baneful. It weakens all the spiritual powers; the mind loses its activity; the quantity of thought is less, the quality poorer; the man of business cannot buy and sell to advantage; the carpenter cannot plan his work or execute his plan; the scholar's genius is vanished into thin air; the diligent wife, careful about many things, is now only troubled about herself; the moral faculty suffers as much as the intellectual; the jaundiced eye sees nothing of its natural color. The sick man's conscience is abnormal as his digestion or appetite; he can take no just view of moral relations; as well might we expect a lame horse to race well and leap a five-barred gate as ask a sick man to have just intuitions of the eternal right, or a manly will to do it; he would, but how can he? A sick judge, doctor, minister, schoolmaster, editor, politician—he does harm, and not good. So the affectional and religious talents lose their value, are clipped within the ring, sweated down, and cannot be taken at their former worth. Spite of himself, the sick man becomes selfish—the best of sick men. It is the order of nature; he should be selfish, then. His body is sick, it tries to get well; all of its natural vigor is directed to that object—for the material basis of humanity must be preserved. When a ship at sea encounters a violent storm, leaks badly, is settling in the water, and likely to perish, men cut away the masts, let the costly anchors and unfastened chain-cable go down with the run; the wealthy cargo is cast into the ocean, that they may save the ship and their own lives! So in the storm of sickness, long continued, nature instinctively throws overboard all the costly spiritual freight gathered in a lifetime. The

"eye whose bend did awe the world
Doth lose its lustre."

The world's great warrior cries:

"Give me some drink, Titinius,
As a sick girl."

There is little exercise of the higher religious faculty; none of that aspiration to the seventh heaven of human devotion: no psalm of lofty gratitude, no deep contritions then; at most, only a dull and humble, passive trust in God. Even that often fails. The affections are often blunted. In health how manly was this man's philanthropy! now, disarmed, it does not travel forth to look after the far-off heathen, the nearer slave—or black or white—the poor, the friendless, or the sick. Nay, the mother, tormented with her own pains—prophetic now of only death—forgets the very children that she bore; much more does the less affectionate man forget the wife he loved, and the dear babies who climbed his knee and pulled his healthy beard! Blame them not; the sick has only strength to keep his own soul and body together. All the river of life must then go to turn his own mill. We know well this is not what ministers preach in books, and write in many a romantic tale. But we too have seen much of life, and stood at many a death-bed—beside noble men whom sickness did yet all unman. Have we not our own experience also? Lame feet must halt, and sick eyes will drop their lids instinctive, and turn from the dear beauty of the rising sun. Humanity lies low in the hand of sickness. Still more commonly is the temper made sour by long-continued illness. If "a hungry man is an angry man," so is a sick man a peevish one, easily offended, not capable of controlling his wrathful emotions. A schoolmaster with the toothache, a judge with the gout, a bilious doctor, a dyspeptic minister, a sick horse, a dog with a wounded leg—we all know what these are. This ill-temper is a natural defence. If the arm be broke, the skin, the flesh, the bone itself, else so unfeeling, all become exquisitely sensitive, so that pain may warn us against all things which would annoy and prevent the restoration of the limb. Irritability and peevishness perform the same function; they must guard and keep watch about the sick man's bed, these testy sentinels that so pace forth their nightly round. We have often wondered at the economy of Divine Providence in the healthy body—not less also thereat in this body when sick.

All the higher faculties are disturbed. The will is weak and capricious, or else its resolution, adherence to conviction, is metamorphosed into obstinacy, persistence is a subjective whim; the judgment is worth little; the opinions represent nothing truly—so warped is the intellectual mirror. What the sick scholar writes is as unwholesome as he is unhealthy—it is tainted literature; one might as well eat the flesh of diseased swine as feed on the literature of sick moralists, historians, preachers, philosophers, poets. The delicate-minded reader feels the author's pulse in his writings. This literary woman has a disease in her spine; all her works, likewise, are tainted and unhealthy. We taste the aloes in many a bitter sermon and bitterer prayer which we have heard. We smell the opium and the gin in much which passes for the literature of passion. Many a dark ecclesiastical dogma about man and God has had its inspiration in a diseased liver or obstructed bowels. Such things are seldom originated by a great, stout, hearty man, who has a wife and babies at home, and takes a manly relish in meat and drink—who can run and jump, and skate on ice, and swim in water, his eyes open for the cowslip and the violet of spring! No, they are the work of celibate monks, of sick-bodied ministers breathing the bad air of cells or libraries, their feet cold, their head hot, their whole body in disorder. As poison toadstools grow out of rotten wood, so do the worser fungi of an evil theology shoot out from the mind of diseased ministers. He that has a bitter tongue is not likely to say sweet things of man or God. In matters of pure science it is of no consequence who does the work; all rests on demonstration, deductive from a principle or inductive from facts; Hamilton's Quaternions and Loomis's Astronomy would be worth as much if writ by a sick as a sound man. A man with a dropsy may calculate the trajectory of the last comet, or tell the weight of the fifty-first asteroid: sickness does not vitiate the mathematical demonstration. The nine digits take no man's disease, however infectious: an asymptote has no sympathy with a diseased stomach. But in all works of a moral or religious character the value is personal, not demonstrational; it depends on the character of the writer, and that, at least for the time, depends on his health. What if we were told that Jeremiah had the dyspepsia when he wrote his "Lamentations"; that Jonathan Edwards was laboring with the jaundice when he composed those ghastly sermons on eternal damnation!

Of course we know the exceptions to all this. There are men, and still oftener women, with such sweetness or truth that the more sickness wilts their roses, the more will they give their precious sweetness out. We know also the function which sickness has to perform in calling forth the sympathy of man for man.—*Christian Examiner for July—Article, "Material Condition of the People of Massachusetts," by Theodore Parker.*

CHILDREN'S HYMN.*

The year's last song, and then we part!
How swiftly time is winging!
But sweet are farewells of the heart,
When they are said in singing!
The roses climb the garden wall;
The buds are past their blowing;
The summer's breezy voices call,
And we must now be going!

The thrush is on her trembling nest
Which every wind is swaying;
And every robin shows his breast,
While we are here delaying!
The bees have set their pipes in tune
On every head of clover;
And we must haste to hear them soon,
Or summer will be over!

To-day the birds on every bough
Their Sabbath chimes are ringing;
The Lord is in his temple now—
We praise him with our singing!
Without, within, the voices chord!
One praise we all are giving—
To Thee! the Ever-Loving Lord,
To Thee! the Ever-Living!

O God of every human heart,
And every heart's pure feeling,
We love and praise Thee as Thou art
In Nature's own revealing!
Wherever summer's grass is green,
Or winter's snows are hoary,
We see Thee, though Thou art unseen;
We know Thee by Thy glory!

We linger in our parting song;
To praise Thee as we sever;
The summer days will not be long,
Ere we shall praise forever!
All hail! then, for the Summer Land
Whose blossoms never wither;
Tho' here we part each other's hand,
We keep our journey thither!

Theodore Tilton.

*Sung by the children of Plymouth Church Sunday school, Brooklyn, at a floral celebration on closing the school for the summer. Tune, "Shining Shore."

A MIGRATORY ROSE.

Strange as the heading of this paper may appear to the reader, the flower is nevertheless an entity—a thing that exists, and may be handled; a plant almost as regular as the swallow in its flittings to and fro; one that travels many miles annually; and, what is more, a fashionable one—resorting to the sea-side during the hottest season, to indulge in a swim among the cool billows of the Mediterranean. The name of this remarkable vegetable phenomenon is *Anastatica hierochuntica* among the botanists; the *Rose of Jericho* with the unlearned.

Very many superstitions are connected with this extraordinary plant in the minds of Bedouins and other Arab tribes. The ancients attributed miraculous virtues to the Rose of Jericho. Dispensing with the notions of both, however, there remains to us quite a sufficient charm about this apparently insignificant shrub, which seldom attains six inches in height, to apologize for introducing the subject to our readers.

To behold this little rose, it is not necessary to tell you "to go to Jericho"; no such uncomplimentary journey is required. In the arid wastes of Egypt, by the borders of the Gaza desert, in Arabia's wilderness of sands, on the the roofs of houses and among rubbish in Syria, abundant specimens are to be met with. But, like many other things of insignificant exterior, few pause to look upon or handle this wayside shrub, which nevertheless carries with it a lesson and a moral.

By the laws of *germination*, there are, we are told, these three things necessary for a plant—humidity, heat, and oxygenized air. The first of them is indispensable, inasmuch as without it the grain or seed would not swell, and without swelling could not burst its shell or skin; and heat, in union with water, brings various gases to young plants—especially oxygen—which are necessary for its existence.

With these facts before us, and a knowledge that rain seldom falls in most places where the Rose of Jericho thrives, how are we to account for the extraordinary circumstance of this plant being periodically abundant and flowering at precisely the same season year after year, when, by the acknowledged laws of germination, there has been that succor wanting which is indispensable to propagate vegetation? Now appears the most remarkable and most direct interposition of nature for her offspring—an interposition little short of miraculous, and, indeed, apparently so fabulous as to be unworthy of record. But the fact has been established beyond doubt that, for its own purposes, this little plant performs annual journeys over a large extent of country, and into the ocean, whence, at a stated period, it, or rather its offspring, returns to the original haunts, takes root, thrives, and blossoms.

In the height of spring, when nature casts her brilliant vesture, set with flowers and flowerets of a hundred varied hues, over the fertile valleys and hills of Syria and part of Palestine; when every breeze is laden with rich incense from orange groves or honeysuckle dells, then unheeded, amidst the rich profusion of vegetation, or isolated amid the desert sands, blossoms the tiny Rose of Jericho. On house-tops, where the sun's fierce rays rend crevices—on dust-heaps, where half-starved wretched curs prowl and dig for food or a resting-place—where multitudes throng the streets, and where neither foot of man nor beast has ever left imprint on the broiling sand, there sprouts the wonderful *Anastatica hierochuntica*. When summer has fairly set in, and flowering shrubs have ceased to blossom—about the same season of the year that Mr. Bull and his family are meditating a month's trip to the sea-side for fresh breezes and sea-bathing, when the whole house is turned topsy-turvy in the pleasurable excitement of packing for the month's holiday—the Rose of Jericho begins to show symptoms of a migratory disposition also. How astonished Mr. Brown would be if his gardener rushed in with the startling intelligence that some favorite rose-bush or other plant in the garden had evinced sudden signs of restlessness, and, after a few preliminary efforts, had quietly taken itself off for the season!

Hadji Ismail, the Bedouin camel-driver, who witnesses this phenomenon annually, encountering scores of migratory *Anastatica hierochuntica*, simply pauses to stroke his prolific beard and fresh charge his pipe, while he pours into the eager ears of some untravelled novice legends about this wonderful rose—legends replete with fairy romance, in which almost invariably a certain unmentionable gentleman comes in for a volley of invectives, as being the instigator of this mysterious freak of nature.

The first symptom the Rose of Jericho gives of an approaching tour is the shedding of all her leaves; the branches then collapse, apparently wither, and roll themselves firmly into the shape of a ball. Like the fairies that travelled in nut-shells, this plant ensconces itself in its own framework of a convenient shape, size and weight for undertaking the necesary journey. Not long has the flower assumed this shape when strong land-breezes sweep over the land, blowing hot and fiercely towards the ocean